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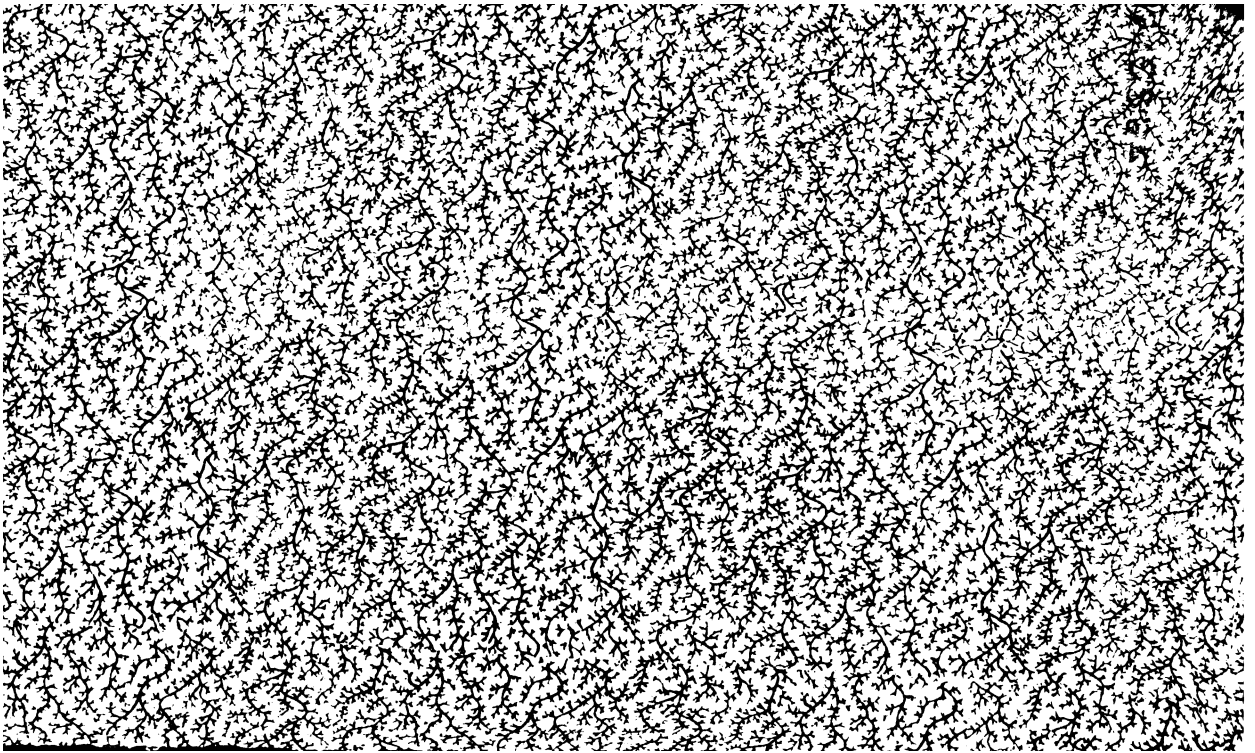

THE

WORKS

OF

SOLOMON GESSNER.

VOL. II.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE

WORKS

OF

SOLOMON GESSNER,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LIVERPOOL,

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PREFACE.

THESE Idyls are the fruits of some of my happiest hours; of those hours, when imagination and tranquillity shed their sweetest influence over me, and excluding all which belongs to the period in which we live, recalled all the charms and delights of the golden age. A noble and well-regulated mind, dwells with pleasure on these images of calm tranquillity and uninterrupted happiness; and the scenes in which the poet delineates the simple beauties of uncorrupted nature, are endeared to us by the resemblance we fancy we perceive in them, to the most blissful moments that we have ourselves enjoyed. Often do I fly from the city,

and seek the deepest solitudes; there, the beauties of the landscape sooth and console my heart, and gradually disperse those impressions of solicitude and disgust, which accompanied me from the town: enraptured, I give up my whole soul to the contemplation of nature; and feel, at such moments, richer than an Utopian monarch, and happier than a shepherd of the golden age.

The Eclogue is placed amid those delightful scenes, where every gale wafts fragrance, and every thought brings delight: it delineates the native simplicity of the lives, the habits, and the inclinations of these uncorrupted children of nature, the worthy inhabitants of such a spot. We behold them under the influence of good fortune, or the pressure of adversity; free from the slavish restraints and superfluous necessities, which our departure from nature alone imposes on us; with uncorrupted

uncorrupted hearts and minds, they receive their happiness directly from the hands of this mild mother, who has placed them in situations where they require but little assistance to gratify their moderate wants, or supply their innocent wishes. In short, the eclogue depicts to us a golden age; such as once certainly existed, as the history of the Patriarchs may convince us, and of which the simplicity and manners described by Homer, seems to have been a vestige, even in that warlike age.

The remote period in which this scene is placed, is an additional advantage to this species of poetry, as it thus acquires a higher degree of probability than if it were supposed to pass in the present day, when the peasant earns his subsistence by hard labour, and is obliged to deliver up a large portion of the fruits of it to his sovereign and the state; and when op-

pression and poverty have robbed his mind of its energy, and his manners of their simplicity, and rendered him rough, artful, and suspicious. I will not, however, deny, that a writer who attempts pastoral, may not trace out particular beauties, by attending to the manners and opinions of the peasantry of his own age: but he must then possess a nice and elegant taste in the selection of those circumstances, and must know how to polish them from their roughness, without destroying that characteristic out-line, which renders them most interesting, by most strongly marking their identity.

I have ever considered Theocritus as the best model in this species of composition: in his writings, we find the simplicity of manners and feelings best preserved: he was a nice observer of every minute circumstance that relates to the pastoral and simple charms of nature: in

in his Idyls, we meet something besides roses and lilies. His descriptions are not the efforts of a mind crowded with common place and obvious images: they possess the beautiful simplicity of nature, from which they every one appear to have been copied. He has given to his swains the highest degree of artless innocence; they speak sensations, as if their pure and uncorrupted hearts lay on their lips: and every image which ornaments their poetry, is drawn from their usual occupations, or from the natural objects which surrounded them: their dialogues display no epigrammatic wit, or scholastic precision: he possessed the rare and difficult art of infusing into their songs, that sweet and simple negligence, which reminds us of the infancy of poetry: he knew how to give to their strains, the soft tones of innocence, such as they must have breathed, when the pure sensations of an uncorrupted heart kindled the fancy, and filled

filled it with all the most lovely and pleasing images which nature can supply. It is true, that the simplicity of manners which still existed in his own age, must have facilitated this task to the poet: a pointed and epigrammatic style, was not then considered the zenith of perfection, nor had the allurements of wit, then obtained a preference over the more solid acquirements of judgment and taste.

It appears to me to be a proof of the excellence of Theocritus, in this species of composition, that he has pleased but a few.—His writings can have no charms but for those whose minds are exquisitely sensible to every beauty of nature. Those readers, whose imaginations are perverted by false taste, or who are only to be delighted by florid descriptions and overstrained sentiment, will turn with disgust from his artless, unpolished peasants, and will deem their admiration or interest ill bestowed

bestowed on swains who are not decked out in Arcadian ornaments, or gifted by the poet with the art of expressing their feelings in the most refined and select terms. I know not whether it arises from the disdain which the moderns in general feel to study the simple features of unpolished nature, or whether it is in compliance with the false refinement of the age, that they have departed so far from the style and manner of Theocritus. I have chosen him for my model; and it will be a proof to me, that I have not been totally unsuccessful in my imitation of him, if my works should displease such readers as I have mentioned. I know that many of his expressions and images have become disgusting and contemptible, in the great change of manners which has taken place since he wrote. I have endeavoured to avoid such circumstances: I do not however mean, that I have omitted all that would shock the false

false delicacy, and over-strained refinement of a French translator of Virgil; but that I have suppressed every passage which Virgil himself, the imitator of Theocritus, would have conceived exceptionable.

GESSNER.

INTRODUCTION.

TO DAPHNE.

NOT the bold deeds of the blood-besprinkled hero; not the wild din of the battle invite the gay Muse; mild and timid she flies from the tumult, the light pastoral flute in her hand.

Charmed by the soft murmur of the cool rivulet, by the deep shadows of the solemn forest, she loves to rove on the sedgy shore, to pursue her flowery path through green over-arching groves, or rest on the soft grass, and weave for thee the artless song: for thee alone, fairest Daphne! for thy mind is calm and serene as the first bright mornings of spring: soft smiles and frolic pleasures dwell on thy rosy lips, and mild gladness beams from thy blue sparkling eye. Since thou hast called me thy friend, bright and gay has appeared every scene of the future to me: joy and pleasure wing away every hour of the present day.

Oh! pleasing to thee be the simple songs my muse has learned among the shepherds; the strains she has listened to in the thick groves where the dryads resort, where wander the wood-gods, and the sedge-crowned nymphs of the stream. Oft has she visited the mossy cot, where the peasant reposes under the peaceful shade his hand has planted; from thence she brings these tales of simplicity and virtue, and ever frolic innocence. And oft too has she watched the god of love, while he reclined amidst the green bower's interwoven branches, and among the willows which bend over the little stream, he listened to her strains, and crowned her flowing hair with dewy roses, while she sung of love and frolic joy.

Let thy love, Oh Daphne! be my only praise: thy soft, thy speaking smiles, the sole reward of my song. May fame crown the poet who unblessed by such happiness as mine, is inspired by the thought of the praise that shall survive him: on his grave may the bards of succeeding ages strew unfading flowers, and plant with green shade the turf that covers his mouldering bones.

IDYLS.

LYCAS,

Or the Invention of Gardening.

NOW while the stormy winter confines us to the narrow chamber, and the wild winds drive the silvery flakes of snow; now shall imagination unlock the store of images that she collected in the blooming spring, in the fervid summer, and the variegated autumn. From these will I chuse the fairest, lovely Daphne! and arrange them for thee in a song; as the shepherd who twines a garland for his beloved one, selects only the most beautiful of the flowers.

Pleasing to thee be the simple strain in which my muse describes, how in the infancy of the world the art of gardening was discovered by a shepherd.

Oh! this is the place, said Lycas, the handsomest of the swains, it was here under this elm that I received the first kiss from the lips of my lovely Chloe! It was here she stood, and sighed, as my trembling arms enfolded her, and my hesitating voice, my beating heart, and tearful eyes told her I loved her. It was here, Oh! loveliest Chloe, that thy crook escaped from thy trembling hand. Lycas! thou whisperedst, Lycas! I love thee. Ye who have heard my complaints, ye still trees, ye lonely streams, witness my happiness! and you, ye flowers! who have drank my tears as dew!

Oh Chloe! what unspeakable happiness is love! To love be this spot consecrated! I will plant roses round this elm, and the slender anemones shall creep up its stem, and mix their white and purple striped flowers with the crimson buds. I will collect all the beauties of spring here: I will plant the glowing poppies among the lilies; I will traverse every meadow and hill, and rob them of their sweets to deck this spot; the violet, the carnation, the blue drooping hyacinth, and the dusky scabious, all, all shall bloom here, and perfume the still air

air with their sweets. I will cut channels round the borders, and lead here the pure waters of the neighbouring rill, and form little islands of flowers. And I will plant a hedge of hawthorn and wild roses round the place, that the goats and straggling sheep may not lay waste my flowers. Oh! come then ye turtle-doves, ye who live only for love, come and mourn from the summit of this elm; ye sparrows! chase each other through the rose-bushes, and chirp from every bending spray. Ye variegated butterflies sport among the flowers, and bow the lily's tall head as ye settle on its snowy leaves!

Then shall the lonely shepherd say as he passes, and zephyr wafts the soft perfume to meet him—To what divinity is this place sacred? Is it the resort of Venus? or has Diana adorned it so fair, to slumber in peace here when she returns weary from the chace?

MIRTILLO.

MIRTILLO.

MIRTILLO returned late at evening from the banks of the lake, whose placid waters sparkled in the moon-light; the calm beauty of the landscape, and the song of the nightingale, had detained him entranced in silent rapture. When he approached the vine-covered arbour before his lonely hut, he perceived his old father slumbering in the moon-beams; he had sunk down, with one arm supporting his grey head. Mirtillo stood long contemplating him, and his eyes rested fixedly on the old man, except when he raised them towards heaven, through the glistening leaves of the vine, and tears of filial love and joy bedewed his cheeks.

Oh thou! he said, whom next to the gods I most honor, Father! how soft are thy slumbers; how sweet is the sleep of the just! With trembling step at sun-set thou camest out of the hut, to hallow with still prayers the peaceful hour of evening; and while thou prayedst, sleep stole soft upon thee. For me also have thy prayers arisen. Father! how blessed

blessed am I: the gods listen to thy supplications, or wherefore dwell we thus secure under the shade of these fruit-laden trees; wherefore do blessings descend upon our flocks and herds, and on the fruit of our fields? Often when my weak care of thy feeble age draws tears of joy from thy languid eyes, when thou lookest up to heaven, and blessest me, Father! how sweet are my sensations; how my heart swells, and tears of rapture trickle over my cheeks. This morning, when to refresh thyself in the warm sun-shine, thou camest out of the hut, leaning on my arm, while the flock gamboled around thee, when thou sawest the trees heavy with fruit, and the rich golden harvest waving in the neighbouring plain, My hairs are grown grey in joy, didst thou say: Be blessed, ye fields! not long shall my dim eyes wander over ye! soon shall I exchange you for happier plains! Ah Father! best of friends, soon shall I lose thee; Oh! thought full of sorrow. Then will I raise an altar by thy tomb; and as often as the blessed day arrives in which I can do good to a fellow-creature, I will strew flowers and pour milk on thy grave, Oh! my father.

He was silent, and looked with tearful eyes on the old man: How he smiles in his slumbers; the images of his good deeds arise before him; the moon-light gilds his pale face, and glistens on his silver hair and snowy beard! Oh! soft blow the cool gales of evening upon thee, and harmless descend around thee its chill unwholesome dews!

He kissed the old man's forehead to awake him gently, and lead him into the cottage to slumber on the warm skins.

THE

THE INVOCATION.

CHLOE.

YE gentle nymphs, who dwell in this still cave, who have planted the tangling brush-wood that overhangs its entrance, to refresh you with cool shade, and to protect your soft repose!—listen to my voice, if now ye sport not with the wood-gods among the shadowy thickets and mountains, if now ye slumber not, reclined on your mossy urns. May no plaint of mine disturb your rest; but listen to me, gentle nymphs! if ye wake. I love —Oh! I love Lycas with the yellow hair. Have you not seen the young shepherd, when he leads his speckled cows and bounding calves by this stream, and calls the echoes as he passes to repeat the soft tones of his flute? Have you not seen his blue eyes? Oh! have you not marked his soft smile? Have you not listened to his song, when he describes the delights of the cheerful spring, the merry harvest, or the variegated autumn?

Oh!

Oh! I love the handsomest shepherd, and he knows not that I love him! How long has thou lingered, thou stern unfriendly winter! and driven us from the plains. How long it is since I saw him for the last time in autumn! He lay slumbering in the thicket: Oh! how lovely he looked; while the wind played with his fair hair, and the dancing leaves strewed a chequered shadow over him. I see him still, as the shade swept over his fair face, and he smiled, as if in a pleasing dream. I hastily gathered flowers, and entwined a garland round the temples of the sleeper, and decked his flute with a wreath. I concealed myself among the trees: I will wait, said I, till he awakes; how will he smile, and wonder when he perceives his temples and his flute are wreathed with flowers. Here will I wait his awaking; he must certainly perceive me in this place, and if he does not, I will laugh that he may find me out. Just as I had placed myself among the trees, my companions called me: I was obliged to follow them. Oh! how was I disappointed that I did not see him awake! that I did not witness his pleasure and astonishment, when he perceived his temples and his flute were wreathed with flowers. How joyful am I that spring

spring is returning; I shall now meet him again in the meadows. Ye nymphs! I will hang these garlands on the trees that bend over your cave; they are formed of the first flowers of the spring; early violets, and snow-drops, crimson-tipped daisies, and yellow primroses, and the first blossoms of the hawthorn. Oh! be propitious to my love, ye nymphs! and when the shepherd slumbers by your stream, tell him in dreams that it is Chloe loves him; tell him, it was she who wreathed his temples and his flute with flowers.

She was silent; and hung her early garlands on the leafless boughs; and a soft murmur rang through the cave, as when echo repeats the sweet tones of a distant flute.

THE

THE BROKEN GOBLET.

A Cloven-footed Faun was discovered by the shepherds, as sunk in deep sleep he lay stretched under an oak. We will bind him fast to the tree, said they, as they surrounded him; when he awakes, he shall purchase his liberty with a song. They bound him to the trunk of the oak, and pelted him with its fallen acorns till he awoke. Where am I? said the Faun, as he yawned, and stretched out his sinewy arms and cloven feet: Where is my flute?—Where is my cup? Ah! there lie the fragments of my beautiful goblet; I broke it yesterday, as I sunk down overpowered with sleep and wine. But who has bound me? said he, as he looked around, and heard the tittering laughter of the swains. Unbind me, boys! he cried. We will not set thee free, answered they, till thou hast sung us a song. What shall I sing you, shepherds? said the faun;—I will sing of my broken cup:—Sit down by me on the grass. The shepherds seated themselves on the turf around him, and he began:

It

It is broken! it is broken! My beautiful goblet! the fragments lie scattered around.

My goblet was beautiful; the fairest ornament of my cave; and when a wood-god passed, I called to him: Come, drink from this cup. Jove himself, at his ambrosial banquets, does not quaff nectar from a fairer bowl.

It is broken! Oh it is broken; my beautiful goblet! the fragments lie scattered around.

When my brothers of the wood assembled in my cave, we sate carousing around the goblet, and every one who drank, sung the exploit engraven on the part which his lips had touched. Now, we shall drink no more from the goblet, my brothers of the wood! Now we shall sing no more the exploits engraven on its sides.

And Pan was engraven on my goblet, as struck with horror he stood on the shore, and saw his beautiful nymph, even in his clasping arms, transformed into soft-whispering reeds: he cut the rushes of unequal length, and cementing them with wax, blew on the pipe a melancholy

melancholy strain. Echo listened delighted to the new music, and repeated it to the astonished woods and mountains around.

But it is broken! it is broken, my beautiful goblet! the fragments lie scattered around.

Even Jove himself was engraven on my goblet, as when in the form of a milk-white bull, he bore the fair Europa on his broad back through the waters. Enraptured he looked back on her, and licked with flattering tongue her snowy feet. She clasped her white arms above her head, lamenting, while the wanton zephyrs played with her unbound tresses, and the little loves sported on dolphins before her.

But it is broken! it is broken, my beautiful goblet! the fragments lie scattered around.

And Bacchus too was there in all his youthful beauty; he sate in a vine-covered bower: a nymph reclined by his side. His left hand encircled her waist; with her right she held back the goblet, for which his smiling lips seemed to long. She looked on him with languishing eyes, which appeared to ask for kisses.

kisses. His spotted tigers frolicked beside him, or devoured the purple clusters from the hands of the little cupids around.

But it is broken! it is broken! my beautiful goblet! the fragments lie scattered around.

Lament it, O echo! in thy woods; deplore it, ye Fauns! in your caves. It is broken! it is broken, my beautiful goblet! the fragments lie scattered around.

So sang the Faun; and the young swains unbound him, and gazed with admiration on the fragments scattered on the grass.

LYCIDAS

LYCIDAS, AND ÆSCHINES

THE HUNTSMAN.

THE young shepherd, Lycidas, tended his flock upon the high hills, and had wandered among their deepest thickets, to seek a lamb that had strayed from its mother. There amid the thick interwoven trees he found a man stretched on the ground, pale and exhausted. Ah! young shepherd, exclaimed the stranger, I came yesterday to these dark thickets, to hunt the wild boar and the deer; and I have lost my way, and can find no hospitable hut, no stream to quench my thirst, no fruits to appease my hunger. The young Lycidas gave him immediately bread and new cheese from his scrip, and unloosed the flaggon that hung from a belt across his shoulder. Refresh thyself, said he, here is new milk, and then follow me; I will lead thee from these hills. The stranger drank, and was refreshed, and followed the shepherd.

Æschines, the huntsman, now said: Thou fair

fair shepherd, how shall I reward thee? thou hast preserved my life: come with me to the town: there, instead of straw-roofed huts, thou shalt see palaces of marble, and lofty pillars that appear to ascend the skies; thou shalt dwell with me, and drink from a goblet of gold; and eat the costliest dainties from dishes of silver.

Lycidas answered, What should I do in the town? I dwell secure in my lowly hut; it protects me from rains and rude winds, and if no pillars surround it, yet the fruit-trees bend their loaded branches over it, and the vine creeps up it with her gadding tendrils. I fetch clear water from the neighbouring spring in my earthen jug. I have sweet mead; my flocks supply me with milk, and my trees with fruits, and instead of silver and gold, I strew perfumed flowers over my table.

Æschines. Come with me, shepherd; there are trees and flowers also in the town: there, the hand of art has arranged them in straight lines, and disposed them in beautiful beds: and fountains sparkle there too, poured into basins of marble, by marble nymphs.

Lycidas. Oh! fairer is the artless shadowy dell, with its winding paths; fairer the meadow, bright with a thousand blossoms. I have planted flowers too, round my hut, marjoram, and lilies, and roses. Oh! how much fairer are our fountains, when they sparkle over the cliffs, or bursting from the thick wood, rush down the hills, and wind their mazy way through flowery meadows. No! I will not go with thee to the town.

Æschines. There thou wouldst see maidens in silken robes, whose complexions, fair as snow, the sun has never injured, decked with gold and costly pearls; and there the sweet songs of skilful musicians would delight thine ear.

Lycidas. And my love is fair too, though the sun has tanned her rosy cheek; thou shouldst see her when she is crowned with a fresh garland, and new-gathered roses deck her bosom; how joyful are we, when we sit by a rushing stream, among the thick trees; and she sings—Oh! how sweet is her voice, while I accompany it with my flute. The woods and wilds around us, repeat our songs, and

and Echo answers from her secret cave. Or we listen to the music of the little birds, who sing from the summit of the tall trees, or among the low bushes. Do your musicians sing sweeter than the nightingale, or more gayly than the grasshopper. No, no, I will not go with thee to the town.

Æschines. How shall I reward thee, shepherd? take this handful of gold, and this golden bugle horn.

Lycidas. Of what value is gold to me? I have plenty of every thing; shall I buy fruit from the trees, or flowers from the meadows, or purchase milk from my flocks.

Æschines. What shall I give thee, happy shepherd? how shall I reward thy benevolent deed?

Lycidas. Give me the flask made of a gourd that hangs from thy shoulder: I think 'tis the image of young Bacchus that is engraven on it, and Cupids gathering the ripe clusters into little baskets.

The huntsman smiled upon him, and gave him the flask; and Lycidas leaped for joy, like a young lamb among the morning dews.

THE

THE FALLING OAK.

AT the dawn of morning, the poor Amyntas returned from the thick forest with his hatchet in his hand: he had been cutting stakes to form a fence, and his shoulders were bowed beneath their heavy burden. As he passed, he perceived a young oak, bending over a rapid stream: its roots had been laid bare by the rushing waters; it stood feeble and trembling in every blast, and appeared ready to sink into the torrent. 'Twere a pity, said he, thou fair tree, that thou shouldst perish in the wild waters; no, thy proud summit shall not be the sport of the waves. He took the heavy burden from his shoulders. I can fetch other stakes for my fence, said he, and began to build a dam round the tree. The dam was soon finished, and the bare roots soon covered with fresh earth: Amyntas smiled, contented with his work, as he rested under the delightful shade of the tree he had preserved, and taking up his hatchet, he prepared to return to the wood in search of fresh stakes: when, a soft voice that issued from the tree, arrested his

his steps: 'twas the dryad of the oak who spoke to him. Shall my preserver depart unrewarded? Benevolent shepherd, speak thy wishes, that I may gratify them. I know thou art poor, that thou leadst but five sheep to the pasture.—Oh nymph! said the shepherd, if I am permitted to make a request to thee, grant that my neighbour Palemon may be restored to health; he has languished in sickness since autumn; let health be restored to him.

So prayed the virtuous Amyntas, and Palemon was healed. But a blessing descended on the flocks and herds of Amyntas; on his fields, and on his fruits: he became a rich shepherd: for the Gods will not suffer the virtuous to pass unrewarded.

THE

THE ZEPHYRS.

FIRST ZEPHYR.

AH! cease, amid that rosy bower
To bathe thy shadowy wings in dew,
But bend with me thy airy flight,
And pleasures sweet as mine, pursue.

In yonder cool sequestered valley,
The Nymphs now bathe in crystal streams;
While fairer thro' the sparkling waters,
Each sweet, each softened beauty gleams.

SECOND ZEPHYR.

Swift spread thy light, thy shadowy pinions,
And swift thy wanton sports pursue;
While here amid these rosy bowers,
I cool my wings in perfum'd dew.

O'er thy fair nymphs in noon-tide hour,
Thy fanning pinions light display,
Steal fragrance from each opening flower,
And to their breasts the sweets convey.

But

But know amid thy frolic raptures,
'Mid transports to thy thought so dear,
A purer joy, a softer pleasure,
A sweeter office waits me here.

Here, past this thick o'erarching bower,
Soon shall a maiden bend her way;
Fair as the morn's first radiant hour,
And mild as eve's last lingering ray.

Seest thou yon lowly moss-roofed cottage,
On which e'en now the sun beams gleam?
To aid its sick and feeble tenant,
She hastened there at morn's first beam.

'Tis her's with sweet and soothing power,
To still the throbbing pulse of care,
To wing diseases lingering hour,
And whisper peace to pale despair.

At her approach two beauteous infants,
To meet their loved protectress fly;
And at her sight, a ray of pleasure
Lights their sad mother's languid eye.

Soon

Soon shall I see her thence returning,
With modest air, and aspect meek;
While the soft glow of virtuous pleasure,
With livelier crimson tints her cheek.

On her warm cheek the bright tear glitters,
And trembles in her radiant eye;—
Oh! think what joy, when swift to meet her,
Veil'd in a balmy cloud, I fly;

Kiss from her eyes their pearly treasures,
O'er her my dewy wings display;
Cool her soft cheek, and fan her bosom,
And with her amber tresses play.

FIRST ZEPHYR.

Oh happy zephyr! with such pleasures,
My truant sports can ill compare,
I'll wait with thee the nymph's returning,
And sweets for her with thee prepare.

But see! thro' yonder willowy bower,
She comes, and by the winding stream;
While glittering thro' their pearly shower,
Her eyes with mildest radiance beam.

Oh

Oh beauteous nymph ! I fly to meet thee,
O'er thee these balmy dews I fling;
Thou'rt bright as summer's glowing hour,
And milder than the new-born spring.

Ne'er has my sportive wandering pinion,
A brighter, sweeter nymph carest;
Ne'er kiss'd a cheek of richer crimson,
Or wanton'd on a fairer breast.

MIRTILLO

MIRTILLO AND THYRSIS,

Or the Song of Daphnis and Chloe.

MIRTILLO watched his flocks at the cool midnight hour on the brow of a hill. The dry wood he had collected burnt in clear flames beside him, while his eyes, as he lay stretched along the grass, now contemplated the blue vault of heaven thick sown with stars, and now rested on the soft landscape beneath him, which appeared to repose in the moon light. Suddenly he was startled by a rustling in the thicket behind him: it was Thyrsis; Oh welcome, friend, said Mirtillo, how camest thou hither so unexpectedly, while the whole hamlet is buried in sleep?

Thyrsis. Welcome, Mirtillo! if I had expected to find thee here, I had not delayed so long to approach the light which appeared so bright, as I wandered in the valley below. But hear me, Mirtillo! now while the moon's soft lustre and the silence of the lonely night invite the pensive strain, do not refuse my request;

quest; I will give thee this beautiful little lamp that my industrious father modelled of pure clay; see! 'tis in the shape of a serpent, with wings and feet: the mouth is opened wide, and a little light is fixed in it; the tail is coiled up behind and forms a convenient handle. This will I give thee, Mirtillo! if thou wilt sing me the song of Daphnis and Chloe.

Mirtillo. I will sing thee the song of Daphnis and Chloe, now while the moon's soft lustre and the silence of the lonely night invite the plaintive strain. Here are dry sticks; do thou in the mean time tend our cheering fire.

Oh mourn with me ye echoes of the rocks; in soft, in plaintive notes, repeat my strains.

Soft shone the moon upon the trembling waves as Chloe stood upon the lonely shore, and watched with anxious eyes the boat's approach, that was to bring her Daphnis over the stream. Wherefore does my beloved delay? exclaimed she, (the nightingale was silent and listened to her accents.) Ah! wherefore does he delay? but hark! did I not hear the dash of waves against a vessel? tis he! art thou come,

come, my beloved? Ah no!—How often will ye deceive me, ye ever rolling waves!—Sport not with the anxiety of a tender maid! Where art thou now my Daphnis? does impatience like mine wing thy flight as thou hastenest through the wood to the shore? may no thorn pierce thy foot, no stealing snake wound thy heel! Thou, chaste Diana with the unerring bow, spread thy soft beam in his path, guide my anxious lover on his way! How will I fold thee to my heart, my Daphnis, as thou descendest from the boat. But now, now, surely ye do not deceive me, ye waves. Oh strike soft against his vessel!—gently, softly bear it to the shore. And you, ye nymphs, if ye have ever loved, if ye have ever felt such tender, such breathless, anxiety as mine—I see his boat! Welcome! thrice welcome, my love!—he answers not! Oh Gods!—Chloe sunk senseless on the shore.

Oh mourn with me ye echoes of the woods! in soft, in plaintive tones repeat my strains.

Borne on the surging waves an inverted boat was dashed against the shore. Solemn silence reigned around. The moon's pale beams fell

on

on the unhappy Chloe as she lay senseless on the turf. But life returned, and she awoke to fresh horror: she looked wildly on the troubled waters while the moon disappeared behind the thick clouds. Her bosom trembled with sobs and sighs: her wild shrieks now resounded from the surrounding mountains, and now soft echoes, whispering through the wood and shades, repeated her plaintive moan: she beat her snowy breast and strewed her flaxen tresses on the winds. Ah Daphnis! Daphnis! Oh ye faithless waves! Oh! cruel nymphs! Wretch that I am, why, why do I delay to seek death in those waves which have robbed my life of all its joy?—She said, and plunged into the troubled waters.

Mourn with me, ye echoes of the rocks; in soft, in plaintive notes repeat my strains.

But the waves were obedient to the commands of their nymphs: they bore her gently and safely along. Oh cruel nymphs! she cried, wherefore do ye prolong my sufferings: close over me, ye waves, and give me peace. But the waves obeyed not the voice of her anguish, they bore her in safety to the shore of

of a little island: Daphnis had saved himself by swimming, and had taken refuge there. With what tears of joy and rapture she greeted him, how tenderly she sunk into his arms. This, Oh! this, can I *not* sing to thee: more tender than the nightingale, who escaping from her cage, flies to the summit of the tree on which her mate poured forth all night his mournful plaints; she joins her beak to his, she spreads her wings, and songs of joy and rapture enliven the still night.

Mourn no more ye echoes of the rocks, in gay, in joyful notes repeat my strain. And thou, Thyrsis, yield to me the lamp: I have sung thee the history of Daphnis and Chloe.

THE

THE WINTER'S MORNING.

ON a clear winter's morning Alexis sate in his cottage; the cheering blaze of dry burning wood spread a pleasant warmth round the hut, while the rough winter had covered its straw roof with snow. He looked contented through its narrow window upon the wintry landscape. Thou art yet lovely, thou stern winter, he said: lovely smiles the sun through the thin clouds upon the snow-clad hill: the light flakes of snow flit around, thick and innumerable as the summer flies that dance at noonday on the surface of the lake. It is pleasing to see the dark oak's naked and twisted branches rising above the snow; or the black hedge of leafless hawthorn crossing the white plain: the brown hut is pleasing with its snow-clad roof: and lovely are the first tender blades of the early corn piercing through the snow, and mixing the white with a soft green. The plains and fields are indeed forsaken: the cattle repose shut up among the warm straw, and no tracks are seen in the snow, save

save of the patient animal that slowly brings home to the hut the fuel which his master has been felling in the neighbouring thicket. The birds have deserted the leafless boughs: only the lonely tit-mouse sings: the little hedge-sparrow hops familiarly round the huts, and the friendly robin comes to the cottage window to pick up the grains the shepherds have strewed for him.

Yonder, where the blue smoke curls above the trees, yonder dwells my Phillis. Perhaps thou art sitting now, my love! by the chearing fire; thy fair face supported by thy hand; thou art musing on me, and wishing for the return of spring. Ah Phillis! how lovely art thou! But it was not thy beauty alone that won my heart; I have loved thee ever since the day when the two goats belonging to young Daphnis, fell over the precipice and were killed. The youth wept: I am poor, said he, and have lost two goats, one was with young. Alas! I dare not return to my old father to afflict him with this news.— Phillis saw him weep, and wiped the tears of pity from her eyes: she selected two of the finest goats from her little flock; here, said

she, take these goats, Daphnis! and be comforted: one is with young. And he wept for joy, and she mixed her tears with his, because she had made him happy.

Oh! frown on, stern winter! my flute shall not hang silent in my hut; I will still sing a chearful song for my Phillis. Thou hast indeed laid waste the trees, and swept the flowers from the meadow, but thou shalt not prevent me from weaving a garland for her. I will twine the pliant ivy with the holly; its scarlet berries shall mix with the blue blossoms of the perriwinkle to deck her brow: and this titmouse, which I caught yesterday, shall sing in her hut. I will carry thee to her today, with this garland: sing then, thy sweetest song: she will smile kindly on thee, and speak to thee, and feed thee with her little hand; Oh! how will she love thee and cherish thee, because thou camest from me.

THE BASKET.

PHILLIS. CHLOE.

Phillis.

DEAREST Chloe! thou art ever carrying that little basket on thy arm.

Chloe. Yes Phillis; I always, always carry this basket on my arm: I would not part with it for a whole flock; no, that I would not.—She said, and pressed the basket to her bosom.

Phillis. But why, why Chloe! is this basket so dear to thee? shall I guess? see! how she blushes: shall I guess?

Chloe. Blush!

Phillis. Yes, as if the evening sun shone full on thy face.

Chloe. Ah Phillis! I will tell thee: it was young Amyntas gave it me: thou knowest

him: he is the loveliest shepherd! he wove it himself for me. Ah! see how neatly it is made; how prettily the green leaves and pink flowers entwine round the white basket; I love it, and value it, and wherever I go, I carry it on my arm. The flowers I gather appear to me more fragrant and more beautiful when I place them in it; and the fruits are sweetest which I eat from this basket. Phillis! shall I tell thee all? I have often kissed it. He is the best, the loveliest shepherd!

Phillis. I saw him weave it myself; dost thou know what he said then to the little basket? But Alexis, my shepherd is handsome too; shall I repeat to thee the song he made me yesterday.

Chloe. Ah! but Phillis, what did Amyntas say to the basket?

Phillis. Oh! I will tell thee; but let me sing thee the song first.

Chloe. Is it long?

Phillis. Thou shalt hear: I rejoice when the

the evening sun reddens the hill, but I am more happy, Phillis! when I see thee smile. Not more joyful the reaper returns, who bears the last sheaf of the harvest to his plenteous stores, than I go home to my hut, enraptured by a kiss from thee.

Chloe. A pretty song indeed! But Phillis! what did Amyntas say to the basket?

Phillis. I can not help laughing; he sate by the side of the stream among the willows; and while his fingers entwined the white and green twigs, he said—

Chloe. Well! why dost thou stop?

While he interwove the twigs, (continued Phillis laughing) he said, thou pretty basket, I will present thee to Chloe, the beautiful Chloe, who smiles so sweetly; as she passed me yesterday with her flock, welcome! said she, Amyntas, and smiled so mildly, so kindly, that my heart fluttered. Oh! bend obedient to my finger, ye variegated twigs, and break not under its pressure; ye shall then rest on my lovely Chloe's arm. Oh! may she deem you

you worthy her acceptance; may she bear you often by her side. While he spoke, the basket was finished, and he sprang up and leapt for joy, that he had succeeded so well.

Chloe. Ah! I will go: yonder, behind that little hill he tends his flock. I will pass by him, and say, see, Amyntas! see, I carry thy basket on my arm.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

MIRTIL and DAPHNE.

Mirtil.

WHITHER so early, my dear sister? The sun has not yet risen from behind the hill; the swallow has scarcely yet begun her song, or the early cock yet greeted the morning's dawn, and thou art already wandering among the dews. What festival art thou preparing to celebrate, that thou hast so early collected thy basket full of flowers?

Daphne. Welcome, my beloved brother! whither wanderest thou in the damp morning? whither in the still twilight? I have been gathering violets, and may-flowers, and roses; and now while our father and mother are still asleep, I am going to scatter them over their bed: they will awake among the sweet perfumes, and rejoice to find their couch bestrewed with flowers.

Mirtil.

Mirtil. Oh! my beloved sister; never did I love thee so well as at this moment! And I have been—thou knowest sister, that yesterday, at sun-set, as my father was looking on the little hill on which he so often loves to rest, he said, how pleasant would it be, if there was a little bower on that spot, to protect us with its cool shade from the sunbeams. I heard him, but appeared not to remark his words; and this morning before daylight I arose, and erected the bower, and bound the straggling hazel bushes to its sides. Oh sister! look, the work is compleated: do not betray me; let him discover it himself. This will be a day of joy to us!

Daphne. Brother! how pleasing will be his surprise, when he perceives the bower at a distance. Now I will steal softly to their bed, and strew these flowers over them.

Mirtil. When they awake amid the sweet perfumes, they will smile on each other and say, it is Daphne who has done this: that best of children! where is she? she has provided a pleasure for us, on our first awaking.

Daphne.

Daphne. And brother! when he perceives the bower from the window—Do my eyes deceive me, he will say, I see a bower on the brow of our little hill. It is my son who has raised it; blessings be upon him! he has sacrificed his night's rest, to procure us a pleasure in our age.

Then brother, then the whole day will be full of joy; for to those who do good in the morning, every hour of the day brings pleasure; and for them peace and joy spring from every object around.

TO CUPID.

OH Love! sweet Love! in May's first fragrant hour
Did I not rear this shrine with studious care;
And kneeling, weeping, own thy sovereign power,
And breathe to thee my warmest, fondest prayer?

Did not each rosy dawn's first beams behold me,
With new-culled fragrant garlands deck thy shrine?
With musky pinks, sweet thyme, and glowing roses,
Bathed in the morning's dewy tears, and mine.

Did I not teach the myrtle's glossy foliage
Gently to bend, and arch into a bower?
Bade here the rose diffuse its softest perfumes,
And plant around each sweetest, fairest flower?

Alas! in vain—already wild winds raving,
Strip the pale leaves, and sweep the flowers away,
And Phillis coldly still beholds my passion;
Cold and unmoved as on the first of May.

MILON.

MILON.

OH thou! who art lovelier than the dewy morning; thou with the dark sparkling eyes! thy brown locks escape from the garland that confines them, and wanton in the winds. Thou art lovely, when thy rosy lips open with a smile; lovelier still, when they breathe the soft notes of the song: I listened to thee, Chloe! one morning as thou sangest by the stream which the two oaks overshadow; I was angry that the birds would not break off their songs; I chid the stream that would not cease its murmuring. I have scarce seen nineteen summers, and bright is the rose that glows on my dark brown cheek. Oft have I remarked, that the shepherds cease their singing to listen to my voice, when the distant echoes of the valley prolong its soft tones; and whose flute, so well as mine, could accompany thy song? Oh, fairest Chloe, love me! Behold how pleasant it is to dwell in my cave in this rock; see how the creeping ivy has spread its green net-work over the walls; how the blooming hawthorn

hawthorn o'ershadows its head. The floor of my cave is spread with soft skins; I have planted a gourd at its entrance, and its high-climbing tendrils cover the arched roof. See how lovely the rivulet rushes from my rocky cave, and sparkling through the water-cresses, pours over the high grass and fresh flowers. Behind the hill, it forms itself into a little lake shadowed with rushes and willows; where, by still moonlight, the nymphs often dance to my flute, while the wood-gods beat time with their sounding hoofs. See how the hazle-bushes on the hill have wound themselves into a bower, how the raspberry creeps around it with its crimson fruit, how the eglantine rears its red berries on high, and the apple-tree stands laden with golden fruit and entwined with the purple clusters of the gadding vine! Chloe! all this is mine, and what more can the heart desire? But alas! if thou lovest me not, a thick gloom overshadows the scene. Oh! Chloe, love me! here will we recline on the soft grass, while the goats climb up the rocky steeps, while the sheep graze the rich herbage, and the cattle stand midway in the little stream. Then will we look down into the wide-spread valley, upon the

the sparkling sea where the tritons play. We will sing, and the echoes of the rock shall answer; while the nymphs and the cloven-footed gods of the wood stand still and listen.

So sang Milon the shepherd of the rock; and Chloe listened to him, hid among the branches: smiling she sprung from her concealment, and offered the swain her hand; Milon! thou shepherd of the rock, she said, thou art dearer to me than the fragrant clover to the sheep: lead me to thy cave: thy kisses are sweeter than honey; so lovely murmurs not the rushing brook.

THE

THE TWO APPLES.

IN vain, ye gentle nymphs!..said Thyrsis, sighing, in vain ye shed a soft and cooling freshness over this shade, through which your stream pours, hid by o'erarching foliage: I burn, I languish as in the blaze of summer. I sate beneath the little hill on which Aminta's cottage stands, and played to its echoes one of my sweetest songs. The hill above is overshadowed by the orchard which Aminta's hand waters and cultivates; the stream descended murmuring beside me, which wanders through her garden, on whose flowery border she sometimes slumbers, or cools her glowing cheeks and fair hands in its pure waters. Suddenly I heard the little latch raised, which closes the garden gate; and Aminta came forth. A soft zephyr wantoned in her flaxen hair, and played with her light robe. Oh! how beautiful she looked! She bore a basket of rosy fruit in one hand, and with the other (modest even when

when she believed no witness near) she confined the folds of her robe across her youthful bosom, which the zephyrs in their wanton play, strove to unveil. The light folds of her dress clinging to her slender figure, displayed the soft outline of her beauteous form, or fluttered in loose and graceful waves behind her. As thus she passed along the hill, two apples fell from her basket, and rolled (by Love himself directed) to my feet. I took them up, and pressing them to my lips, I ran up the hill to restore them to the maiden; my hand trembled; I would have spoken; but I sighed; and Aminta stood with her eyes fixed on the ground, while a soft blush overspread her cheek. With a timid smile, and while her cheek was tinged by a still deeper crimson, she presented me the apples: Oh! what were my sensations at that moment; we stood confused and hesitating; till Aminta recovering herself, with soft step returned to her cottage. My fixed gaze pursued her till she entered the door; I saw her pause, and hesitate, and look back once kindly upon me; and when at last she disappeared, my eyes remained gazing unconsciously on the threshold. At length I depar-

ted;

ted; my whole frame trembled as I descended the hill: Oh! be propitious to me, gentle love! the sensations I felt that moment will never be effaced from my heart!

THE

THE VOW.

OH! mild and healing be the waters of your stream, ye nymphs, as with them I wash the blood from my wounded side: no jealous enmity has caused this purple tide to flow; the innocent child of Amyntas seized by a wolf in the thicket, shrieked loudly for assistance; and thanks to the Gods! I sprang in time to save him. While the fierce beast still struggled under my blows, he tore my side with his sharp fangs. Forgive me gentle nymphs! if thus I pollute your crystal stream with blood: to-morrow will I atone for it, and sacrifice upon this bank to you a young kid, white as the new-fallen snow.

THE

SACRIFICE TO PAN.

AT the dawn of morning, Alexis came forth from the hut, and found Chloe, his younger sister, employed in weaving garlands of flowers; dew glittered upon their leaves, and with the pearly drops, were mingled the tears of the little Chloe.

Alexis. Dearest Chloe! for whom are these garlands; wherefore dost thou weep, my sweet sister?

Chloe. The tears tremble in thine eyes, too, beloved Alexis! have we not cause to weep? Didst thou not see in what sorrow my mother quitted us last night? how anxiously she folded us to her breast, and sobbed, and hid her streaming eyes, as she forced herself from us?

Alexis. Oh! I marked it all; my father, my poor father must be worse than ever.

Chloe.

Chloe. Oh brother! brother! if he should die! How he loves us; how tenderly he presses us to his heart when we do what he bids us, and what is pleasing to the Gods.

Alexis. Dear sister, how melancholy is every thing around us. My little favorite lamb caresses me in vain; alas! I almost forget to feed him. In vain my dove flutters upon my shoulder, and pecks my lips and cheeks with his little beak; nothing, nothing can give me pleasure; Oh my dear father! if thou diest, I will die with thee.

Chloe. My poor father! Dost thou remember, Alexis? it is only five days since we were both sitting on his lap.

Alexis. Yes, and suddenly he grew pale, and set us down, I can hold you no longer, my beloved Children, said he, I am ill, very ill. And then he walked feebly to his bed, and sunk upon it, and from that time he has been growing worse every day.

Chloe. Hear, brother, what I intend. I rose early, and went out to gather fresh flowers

to make these garlands, and I am going to offer them before the image of Pan; for thou knowest my mother has told us that the Gods are merciful, and listen with pleasure to the prayers of innocence. I will go, and lay these garlands at his feet: and see! here in this cage what I love dearest in the world, my little bird—this will I sacrifice to him.

Alexis. My dear sister! I will go with thee: wait only a moment for me: I will take a basket full of our finest fruit, and my dove. I will carry it too as a sacrifice.

He ran and soon returned: hand in hand they approached the image of Pan, which stood on a hill at a little distance, under the thick shade of some fig-trees. They knelt before it, and thus addressed the God.

Alexis. Pan! thou benevolent protector of our flocks, hear, hear our supplications! we are the children of the sick Menalcas; Oh! listen to our prayer.

Chloe. Hear! Oh hear! our supplications, benevolent Pan; accept graciously our little sacrifice,

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sacrifice, all that children like us can offer. I lay these fragrant garlands at thy feet; if I could reach, I would entwine them round thy shoulders and temples. Save, Oh! save our father, merciful Pan, restore him to his weeping children!

Alexis. I offer this fruit to thee, the fairest that I have; accept it graciously; I would have sacrificed the best goat of my flock, but that he is too strong for my weak hand. When I am bigger, I will sacrifice two every year to thee, if thou wilt but restore our good dear father to health.

Chloe. This bird will I sacrifice to thee; I love it best of every thing I possess; see! it feeds out of my hand, but I will sacrifice it to thee, merciful Pan.

Alexis. And I will lay this dove upon thy altar, see, it flies around me, and caresses me; yet I will sacrifice it to thee, Oh Pan! if thou wilt restore our father to us; hear! Oh! hear our supplications.

The children now with trembling hands and

and averted eyes, seized their victims; but a soft voice exclaimed—Destroy not your pleasures, sweet children! the Gods listen graciously to the prayers of innocence; your father is restored.

And Menalcas was healed; enraptured by the affection of his children, he went that day to offer sacrifices to Pan; and full of years and of blessings, he survived to behold his children's children.

THE

THE THUNDER STORM.

THE dark storm is passed, my Cleora; the awful voice of the thunder is silent. Tremble not, my love! the lightnings wander no more among the black clouds. Let us leave this grot: the sheep that pressed trembling together under the leafy bower, shake the glittering rain-drops from their fleeces, and disperse again over the meadow which appears of a brighter green after the refreshing shower. Let us go out, and observe how beautifully the landscape is brightened by the returning sun-beams.

Hand in hand they now quitted the sheltering grotto: How beautiful, said Cleora, as she pressed her lover's hand, how beautiful is the landscape. How bright, how clear appears the deep blue of heaven through the broken clouds! They fly, they pass away! these towering clouds, but strew a shadow as they pass over the sunny landscape. See Damon! now the little hill with its cottages and its

its flocks is in the shade; now the cloud passes over it, and succeeding sun-beams brighten it. See, how the dark shade sweeps along the valley, and over the blooming meadow.

How bright, how brilliant, Cleora! exclaimed Damon, shines the bow of Iris stretched from one beaming hill to another; while behind it the gentle goddess, veiled in a misty cloud, promises returning peace and sun-shine to the landscape, and smiles upon the uninjured valley.

Cleora answered him, as she threw her snowy arms around him, see! the zephyrs return and frolic again with the flowers, which bend under the weight of the bright sparkling rain-drops: the variegated butterflies, and little winged insects sport again in the sun-shine: and the little stream, see how its dripping willows sparkle as they wave in the gale, and its clear surface reflects once more undisturbed the image of the bright heavens, and of the trees that bend over it!

Embrace me, Cleora! Oh! what joy overwhelms

whelms my soul: how beautiful, how excellent is all around! what an inexhaustible source of rapture! From the enlivening sun, down to the little plant that his mild influence nourishes, all is wonderful. What rapture overpowers me when I stand on the high hill, and look down on the wide spread landscape beneath me; when I lay stretched along the grass, and examine the various flowers and herbs, and their little inhabitants; when at the midnight hour I contemplate the starry heavens; when I mark the changing seasons, or the growth of fruits and seeds innumerable. When I consider these wonders, my bosom swells with ecstasy: my thoughts press on each other till I can no longer arrange them: tears of pleasure start into my eyes, and in broken accents I breathe forth my praises of the power who created all this. Oh! Cleora, nothing can equal the rapture of such moments, except the delight of being beloved by thee!

Cleora. These wonders delight me too, Oh Damon! wrapt in each other's arms, let us contemplate the approach of morning, the bright glow of sun-set, or the soft beams of moon-

moon-light: and as I press thee to my trembling breast, let us breathe out in broken accents our praises and thanksgivings. Oh! what inexpressible joy, when with such raptures are blended, the transports of the tenderest love.

PALEMON'S

PALEMON'S OAK.

IDAS—MYCON.

Idas.

OH welcome, Mycon! thou sweet singer: I have not seen thee since that day when thou satest on the stone by the brook, and sungest me the song in praise of spring.

Mycon. Welcome, thou who excellest on the flute. Let us seek a cool spot, and seat ourselves in the shade.

Idas. We will ascend that little hill where Palemon's oak stands; it casts a delightful shadow all around, and the cool zephyrs ever frolic there. In the mean time, my goats may climb those steep heights, and brouze among the shrubs. See how the large oak spreads its branching arms, and dispenses shade and freshness all around. Let us seat ourselves here amid these wild roses: the soft winds shall wave our hair. Mycon! this place is sacred

to

to me. Oh Palemon, this oak remains a holy memorial of thy virtues.

Palemon had but a scanty flock, yet he sacrificed many sheep of it to Pan. Oh Pan! he prayed, let my flock encrease, that I may divide it with my poor neighbour. His prayer was granted; his flock was multiplied by one half in the course of a year, and Palemon gave that half to his poor neighbour. Then he sacrificed to Pan on this hill, and planting this oak, he said, "Oh Pan! may this day be ever sacred to me on which my wishes were fulfilled; protect this oak which I dedicate to thee: may it be a holy memorial of my gratitude; every year will I sacrifice to thee under its shade." Mycon! shall I sing thee the song that I always sing under this oak.?

Mycon. If thou wilt, I will give thee this nine-jointed pipe; I chose and cut the reeds that form it most carefully on the shore; and I have cemented them together with perfumed wax.

Idas. Ye lofty branches that arch over me,

me, a holy rapture descends with your shade upon me! ye cooling gales that fan around, an invisible divinity seems to speak in your whispers! Ye goats! ye sheep! Oh spare the young ivy that creeps up the slender bark and winds its green garlands over the white stems. May no lightnings blast thee, Oh oak! no wild winds lay thy lofty summit low! High, and still higher may it rise; may the shepherd descry it at a distance and point out to his son; may the tender mother see it, and relate Palemon's story to the listening infant on her breast! Oh plant so many memorials of virtue like this, ye shepherds! that filled with benign emotions, we may walk under them, as in a holy shade.

So sung Idas, and long after he had ceased, Mycon sate listening, wrapped in silent attention. Ah Idas! the dewy morning and the approaching spring delight me, but still more transporting is the recital of generous deeds: So spoke Mycon; and gave to Idas the nine-jointed reed.

THE

THE NOSEGAY.

I HAVE seen Daphne; perhaps, Oh! perhaps I had been happier if I had not seen her: never, never did she look so lovely. Sheltered from the blaze of the noon-day sun, I lay under the dark shadow of the willows by the little stream, yonder where it flows soft murmuring among the polished pebbles. The willows arched over me, and dipped their silvery foliage in the water, while I lay reclined in soft tranquillity: but ah! since then, never have I tasted peace or rest! Suddenly I heard a rustling in the thicket at a little distance from me; and Daphne—Daphne, opening her way through the thick embowering foliage, advanced to the edge of the rivulet. Timidly she drew up the blue robe which covered her small and delicate feet, and stepped into the limpid stream. She stooped, and with her right hand poured the sparkling water over her lovely face, while her left held up her robe, that it might not be wet by the stream: now pausing, she waited till not a drop more fell from her hand, and not a circle ruffled the water.

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water. Its surface was smooth and calm, and reflected the genuine image of her beauty. She smiled, delighted on her own loveliness, and pressing together the luxuriant tresses of her flaxen hair, she arranged them in beautiful knots. For whom, I sighed, for whom is all this care? who, Oh! who does she seek to charm? Who is the happy being for whose sake she sees with such a delighted smile, that she is so lovely?

While thus she stood, bending over the water, her nosegay fell from her bosom into the stream, and was borne by the current to the place where I lay: I seized it, I kissed it! I would not have parted with it for a whole flock: but ah! the nosegay fades, alas! it withers; and two days only have passed, since I caught it from the stream. How I cherished it! I placed it in the goblet that I won last spring as the prize of song. Cupid is represented on that cup, sitting in a bower of sweet briar; smiling he tries the sharpness of his arrows with the points of his rosy fingers, and two doves are fluttering before him. Three times each day I poured fresh water to my flowers, and placed them each night at my window

window to imbibe the cold refreshing dews. I bent over them, and exhaled their soft fragrance; sweeter were their perfumes, more glowing their colours, than those of all the flowers of the spring, for Oh! they bloomed on her breast!—I stood musing before the goblet. Yes, Love! I said, thy arrows are sharp: how deeply do I feel their wounds. Oh! inspire Daphne's bosom but with one half my passion! then I will consecrate this cup to thee. It shall stand on a little altar, and every morning will I entwine it with a fresh garland, and in winter, a wreathe of evergreen myrtle shall surround it. Oh gentle doves! may ye be an emblem of my future happiness. But the nosegay withers; in vain is all my care; the flowers already droop mournfully their pale heads over the rim of the cup; no longer they exhale sweet perfumes; their yellow leaves fall and die. Oh Love! sweet Love! let not their withering bloom be the sad presage of my hope's decay.

THE

THE

OFFERING TO CUPID.

Thyrsis.

I OFFERED a sacrifice to Cupid in the little marble temple; and suspended among the myrtles that surround it, a new and neatly woven basket, my best flute, and garlands of the freshest and sweetest flowers. Oh gentle Love! I said, be propitious to my vows. Yesterday passing by the little temple, I entered the myrtle wood to look for my basket, and guess, guess Menalcas! what I saw there. A little bird sate on the edge of the basket and sung; as I approached, he flew away; and looking into the basket, I saw a well built nest with little eggs in it, and the hen-bird sat cowering over them, and looking at me with anxious supplicating eyes, as if she would have said, Gentle shepherd! disturb not, Oh! disturb not the little family. The other bird in the mean time flew in circles round my head. I retired, and immediately he returned to the

edge of the nest, and breathed out his joy and pleasure in the sweetest strains. Now, tell me, dearest Menalcas, thou who knowest how to explain all presages, tell me, what does this foretel?

Menalcas. That thou wilt dwell in domestic peace and happiness with thy beloved maiden, and that Juno Lucina will bless your union.

Thyrsis. By the Gods! I thought so, dear Menalcas! but I wished the sweet supposition confirmed by thy wisdom. See! this young kid do I give to thee, and this flask of honey, pure as the clear air, and sweet as my Delia's lips.

He said, and departing leapt for joy like a young kid among the dews of May.

THE

THE FAUN.

NO! no happy hours shall ever return for me, said the Faun, as at break of day he staggered forth from his cave; since I have lost that fairest of nymphs, I hate the light of the sun: till I find her again, no ivy crown shall entwine my horns, no flowers shall bloom round my cave: my feet shall crush them in their bud; I will throw away my flute, and break my goblet in pieces. He was trampling wildly on the flowers, and on the fragments of the cup, when another Faun passed, carrying a skin of wine upon his shoulders. Art thou mad? said he laughing, on this day, this joyful day, the feast of Bacchus! wind quickly an ivy wreath round thy horns, and come with me to the feast, on this best, this happiest day of the year.

No! no happy days shall ever return for me, said the Faun. I swear, till I find her again, no ivy wreath shall entwine my horns. Oh! fatal day! on which the nymph fled from me: she fled to a stream whose waves opposed her course, she stood hesitating on its brink:

I trembled with joy, and thought already I clasped the struggling maid in my strong arms; when the Tritons (Oh! the hateful robbers!) rose from their watery beds, and supporting the nymph in their arms, and sounding their conches, they bore her in safety to the opposite shore. I swear by Styx, till I find her again, no ivy wreath shall entwine my horns.

And 'tis for the sake of a coy nymph alone, said the other Faun laughing, that thou art suffering all this uneasiness! as to me, love shall never cause me an hour's anxiety; no, not an hour's: if one nymph denies me a kiss, I fly to another; and I swear to thee, Faun! I had rather never kiss a nymph again, than that any one of them should have power to detain me an hour to day from this joyful feast. Be not mortified, Faun! thou art young and comely; thy dark brown face is handsome, and bright are thy large black eyes: thy hair curls fairly round thy crooked horns, which stand up amidst thy locks like two young oaks among the low bushes. Let me crown thee, Faun! here is a beautiful spray of ivy: let me crown thee. I hear already at a distance the wild uproar of thyrsis' striking against each other, and

and goblets clashing, and flutes sounding. Bend thy head! Every moment the tumult approaches nearer: thou mayst see them now coming out from behind the hill. Let me crown thee! See! how proudly the majestic tygers draw the chariot; Oh Bacchus!—Look at the Fauns and Nymphs how they dance around him! what a joyful tumult! Oh! Evan Evoe! Thou art crowned: haste, lift the wine skin again on my shoulders: Oh! Evan Evoe!

THE

THE TWO LOVERS.

DAPHNIS and CHLOE.

IT was evening, when Chloe leaning on her Daphnis's arm, sought the lonely stream that murmurs among the willows: as they approached its woody banks, they perceived Alexis already seated there; a fair youth, in whose bosom love had never yet been awakened. Welcome thou who hast never felt the influence of love, said Daphnis; but perhaps some maiden has now ensnared thy heart, since thou seekest this lonely shade; for ever dear to lovers is solitude and silence. I come here with my Chloe to enjoy the calm hours of evening, and sing the pleasures of our love amid these sequestered shades. He said, and pressed her hand to his bosom: wilt thou listen, Alexis?

Alexis. No maiden has ensnared my heart: I came hither only to observe how bright the sun blushes on those hills: but I will attend with

with pleasure to thy song: it is sweet at sunset to listen to soft music.

Daphnis. Come, Chloe; we will seat ourselves by him on the grass: I will play on my flute while thou singest: thou excellest on the flute, Alexis! do thou accompany my song.

They seated themselves on the border of the stream, and Daphnis began:

Daphnis. Thou lonely valley, and ye shadowy hills, attend my song! no shepherd is so blest as I, for Chloe loves me. She is lovely and mild as the early morning, when the sun gently ascends the hill, when every flower rejoices, and the birds spring singing to met him, and shake, as they pass, the sparkling dew-drops from the slender sprays.

Chloe. The little swallow is joyful, when after her long winter's slumber she awakes by the stream, and sees the bright spring returned: she plumes her little wings as she frolics among the willow-sprays, and sings her rapture to the woods and vallies round. Companions, she cries, awake! the spring is returned.

turned. But still happier am I, since Daphnis loves me; and hear me, my companions! and believe, that sweeter, far sweeter than return-in spring, is the affections of a virtuous youth.

Daphnis. It is pleasing to mark upon the distant hills, the white flocks wandering among the dark thickets; but lovelier, lovelier still, Oh Chloe! to see a fresh garland entwined in thy dark flowing hair. Bright is the clear azure of heaven, but brighter still thy blue sparkling eye, when it sheds its soft, its speaking beams on me! Yes, dearest Chloe! I love thee more than the nimble fish loves the clear stream; more than the lark loves the fresh morning air.

Chloe. Once, as I stood by the little lake, and gazed at myself, reflected by its clear surface, Ah! said I sighing, could I but hope to please Daphnis, that best of shepherds. In the mean time thou stood'st unseen behind me, and threwest flowers over my head, till my image disappeared in the increasing circles that ruffled the lake. Startled I looked back and saw thee: thou pressedst me to thy heart

and

and said'st, the Gods be witness, I love thee! Trembling and confused, I whispered, I love thee more than the trees love the blossoms: more than the flowers love the fresh dews of morn.

Daphnis. Oh Chloe! when with tears trembling in thine eyes thou embracest me, and exclaimest, Daphnis, I love thee! I look up to heaven through the high trees that overshadow us;—Ye Gods! I cry, how can I thank you for my happiness; ye have given me Chloe!

Chloe. The tender grass of early spring delights the flock; and sweet and refreshing to them is the cool shade at noon-tide: but sweeter and more reviving to me, is it, Oh Daphnis! when thy soft, thy rosy lips repeat, Chloe! I love thee!

So sung Daphnis and Chloe: Happy children! said Alexis, sighing: Alas! I feel that love is happiness: your songs, your eyes, your raptures have convinced me of it.

THE

THE TRIAL OF SONG.

LYCAS and MILON.

THE young singer Milon, (for the golden down was scarce yet visible on his cheeks, and appeared like the tender grass in early spring, when it peers through the late fallen snow) and Lycas with the curled hair, yellow as the ripe wheat, met together with their lowing herds behind the pine wood. Welcome, Lycas, said Milon, and offered him his hand; let us go into the wood, while our herds wander in the luxuriant grass by the lake: my watchful dog will take care they do not stray.

Lycas. No, Milon! we will seat ourselves here under this arch of the rock, upon some of these mouldering fragments that are scattered around, and covered with soft moss. Here it is pleasant and cool. See how the clear stream rushes among the trembling shrubs; it passes on murmuring under their shade, and hastens to pour itself into the lake. Let us sit upon these

these mossy stones, while the dark boughs of the pine trees overshadow us.

They seated themselves on the stones under the rock, and Milon said; Lycas! I have often heard thy singing praised; let us now have a trial of skill, for to me also the Muses are favorable: I will stake that young heifer as the prize; it is beautifully variegated with black and white.

Lycas. And I will stake the best goat of my flock, and her young ones; yonder she is browzing the ivy from the willow by the lake; her young kid is frolicking beside her. But Milon! who shall decide between us? shall I call the old Menalcas? he is yonder employed in leading the stream to water the meadow by the pine wood.

The young swains called Menalcas: he seated himself beside them on a mossy stone, and Milon thus began.

Oh! happy is he who the Muses vouchsafe to favor. How sweet it is to express every soft emotion that inspires one, and when the heart beats

beats with joy, to breathe out its transports to the woods and echoes round! When the soft moon-light soothes me, when the bright glow of morning delights me, the Muses never fail to inspire me with a song; and many a dark and troubled hour has their mild influence cheared. For this, I bend with gratitude at their shrine, and yonder snow-white kid is doomed a sacrifice to them. Soon with its horns entwined with flowers will I lead it to their altar, and sing new songs of praise.

Lycas. When I sat upon my father's knee a lisping infant, while he played me a song on his flute, I listened attentively, and sought in imperfect accents to imitate its strains; or smiling, I took it from his hand, and blowing into it, produced imperfect notes. But Pan soon appeared to me in a dream: "Youth! said he, go into the wood, and fetch the flute which the singer Hylas consecrated to me, and hung upon the oak: thou art worthy to inherit it from him." Yesterday I sacrificed to him the young suckers of my newly-grafted tree, and and poured a vase of oil, and a pitcher of milk upon his altar.

Milon.

Milon. But Love inspires the song more than the bright rays of morning, more than the soft beams of moon-light. Oh! when our songs praise a virtuous maiden, when they are repaid by a sweet smile, or a garland from her we love!—Since Delia has called me her shepherd my heart has been as light, as chearful as the landscape around us when the beams of the spring sun rest upon it. Since then my songs have improved. Delia, who smiles sweetly like the mild Ceres, and who is wise as the muses.

Lycas. My heart long remained insensible to love; I sung peacefully the praises of the Gods, the cares of the flock, or the culture of the orchard or the vine. But since I saw Amarillis, care and melancholy have been blended with all my pleasures. I imagined I had conquered my love; I drove the recollection of it from my heart. But Ah! now, never shall I triumph over it, since I saw her, and heard her song as she sat under the white-blooming sloe. The wanton zephyrs sported round the bush, and showered its silvery blossoms on the maid, and mocked the all-conquering winter with his snowy flakes.

Milon.

THE

ORIGIN OF SONG,

AND

THE INVENTION OF THE LYRE.

IN the infancy of the world, when the moderate wants of nature and of innocence, produced the young arts among the yet uncorrupted sons of men, there lived a maiden who far excelled all her companions in loveliness, and whose delicate and pure mind seemed framed to perceive and enjoy all the beauties of nature. With tears of pleasure she greeted the morning's dawn, or gazed on the boundless majesty of the setting sun. She arose as soon as the return of morn was proclaimed by the early cock before her cottage, (for her kindness in feeding them had assembled the domestic animals around her dwelling) and left its protecting roof, which was formed of woven reeds and branches of the fir, and fastened to the trunk of a tree which grew beside it.

Thus

Thus she dwelt, embosomed in the shade, and above her head, among the thick over-arching boughs, the nightingale built its nest. She passed on to contemplate the beauty of the landscape glittering with dew, and to listen to the early birds, who warbled in the neighbouring thicket. Enraptured she sat, and listened, and attempted to imitate their song: harmonious sounds now flowed from her lips, more melodious than any maiden had before that time uttered: every note her soft and flexible voice could imitate, she combined to form her new music; ye little joyful warblers! she sung, how lovely sound your notes from the tall tree's summit, and from the lowly spray! Oh! that I could like you, welcome the return of morn: Oh! teach me your varying notes, teach me to express the soft rapture, with which I greet the first mild beams of day. Thus she sung, and imperceptibly her words arranged themselves in harmonious measure to her song: full of delight, she perceived the new melody, and enraptured she continued. The wide thicket echoes with music; the bright landscape sparkles with dew! Oh thou! who hast created all these, how grateful am I, that I can now with sweeter

sounds than my companions, praise thee. Thus she sung, while the wide scene around her was hushed in attention, and the little birds listened and ceased their songs.

She now repaired every morning to the thicket to practise her new art: but a youth had long listened to her, hid among its recesses: enraptured he stood concealed by the luxuriant foliage, or sighing, he wandered amidst its deepest glooms, and attempted to imitate her song. He sat one day musing before his cottage, leaning on his bow (for he had discovered the art of using it against the birds of prey who destroyed the doves, for whom he had erected a cote of willow-twigs in a neighbouring tree;)—What new emotion, is it, he said, that sighs from my bosom, that sits so heavy at my heart? It is indeed exchanged for pleasure and rapture when I see the maiden in the thicket, and listen to her song; but when she is absent, melancholy and grief oppress me. Oh! what is this new emotion that sighs from my bosom, that sits so heavy at my heart? While thus he mused, his careless hand struck the out-stretched cord of the bow, and a sweet and soothing sound

murmured

murmured over the string. The youth started astonished, and repeated the experiment; deeply meditating, he endeavoured to pursue the discovery, and struck again the string, which was made of the entrails of birds of prey. Suddenly he started up, and selecting two long and two shorter pieces of wood, he fastened the two shorter firmly above and below to the longer, and stretched strings tightly across from the shortest, between the two longest. His hand now essayed to play, and he remarked the lovely variety of tones in the weaker and stronger strings; unbinding them once more, he arranged them in harmonious order, and began again to sound them, enraptured with his discovery.

The youth went now as constantly as the morning returned, to practise his new art in the most solitary recesses of the thicket, and sought to imitate in harmonious tones, the songs he had heard from the maiden. But it is said, he was long unsuccessful, and the tones of the instrument were long discordant to his ear, till a God appeared to him, and attuned and arranged the strings of the lyre. At every morning's dawn, the youth now

sought unperceived, the maiden in the thicket, and having learnt from her new songs, he returned to practise them by the stream. One beautiful morning, the maiden sat in the grove; crowned with flowers, she sat and sung: Oh welcome! lovely sun! from behind the dark mountains: thy soft beams gild already the tall tree's summit, and the lofty hills, and the pinions of the little lark that sings high poised in air. The birds of the thicket warble to greet thee—here she broke off, and looking attentively round, she exclaimed with astonishment, what lovely voice mixes itself with mine? It repeats every note of my song. Where art thou? wherefore art thou silent? Sing again, lovely voice! Art thou some feathered dweller of this thicket? Oh! bend hither thy airy flight, and perch upon this fig-tree, that I may see thee, and listen to thy song. She looked earnestly around her, and examined the summit of every tree. Art thou timid, and hast thou flown away? or—I never heard this voice in the thicket before; perhaps I was deceived—surely, it was not a dream—I will sing again. Welcome, ye lovely flowers! yesterday ye were but buds; now ye unfold your silken leaves to the pure morning air,

air, to the humming bees and variegated butterflies that flutter around you, and drink your dew. Thus she sung, often pausing to listen, and to look around, for the sweet sounds again accompanied her song. She stood confused and at a loss; no, I was not deceived, the voice accompanied every note. As she spoke, the youth came forward from the thicket, crowned with flowers, and with the lyre on his arm; smiling he pressed the timid maiden's hand, Oh! fairest maid! he said, no feathered songster of the grove has imitated thy song, it was I who accompanied it on this instrument. Every morning I came into this thicket to listen to thy voice, and then withdrawing into its deepest recesses, I sought to imitate it on these strings. It was a God, sweet maiden! who instructed me.—The timid eyes of the maiden glanced hastily over the youth, and rested on the cords of the lyre. Oh fairest maiden! he continued, while his eyes sparkled and his cheeks glowed, how enraptured should I be, would'st thou permit me to meet thee in the thicket, to sit by thy side, and to accompany thy voice with my lyre. Youth, said the maiden, as she raised her timid eyes, happy shall I be when thy lyre accompanies

my

my voice; its tones are sweeter than soft echoes. But come with me to my shady cot; the noon-day sun already scorches; under the shade of the trees that bend over my dwelling, thou shalt sit and partake with me of fresh gathered fruits and new milk.

The youth accompanied the maiden to the cottage; they taught the art of singing, and the invention of the lyre to the nymphs and swains around. A long time elapsed before the flute's soft melody was added to these sounds; Marsyas brought that flute to the Gods of wood, which the inventress Minerva, enraged at the laughter of the other Goddesses, had thrown disdainfully on the sand.

Two trees were planted on a high hill to the memory of the youth and the maid; and under their shade succeeeding generations related to their children, the invention of the Lyre, and the origin of Song.

THE

THE GARDEN.

DAPHNE and CHLOE.

Daphne.

SEE Chloe! the moon has already risen from behind the dark hills; already it gleams on the highest trees that crown their summits. How sweet, how delightful is all around us; let us linger here a little while: my brother will guide our flocks to the fold.

Chloe. Lovely is all around; soft and refreshing the cool breeze of evening! we will rest here a while.

Daphne. See Chloe! yonder by the side of the rock is the garden of young Alexis, let us look over the hedge of sweet briar that surrounds it. In the whole country no garden is more beautiful than this, none is more neatly arranged, none is more carefully cultivated.

Chloe. Let us go to it.

Daphne. No shepherd understands so well as

as he the culture of plants; does any one, Chloe?

Chloe. Oh! no one.

Daphne. See how fresh, how blooming is every plant around, whatever grows on the low earth, or supports itself by entwining the slender poles. Look at the water that trickles from the rock; yonder it collects itself into a little stream, and pours through the shade of the garden. Look! on that rock whence the stream rushes, Alexis has planted a bower of sweet briar: what a wide and lovely prospect must that spot command!

Chloe. Daphne! thou praisest with enthusiasm! more lovely is the garden of the young Alexis than any other garden; more beauteous are his flowers, more soft and refreshing this stream than any other fountain; no water is so cool, so sweet as this.

Daphne. But why dost thou smile, Chloe?

Chloe. Smile! Oh no! Look at this rose which I have just plucked from its stem, tell me,

me, is its perfume not sweeter than that of all other roses? delicious as if love himself had planted it?

Daphne. Chloe! Oh spare me!

Chloe. Suppress not the sighs that heave thy bosom.

Daphne. Oh thou art malicious! come let us begone.

Chloe. So suddenly? This spot is delicious, I am so happy here:—But hush! I hear a rustling: there behind the elder-bush, we shall not be perceived. Ah! see, it is he himself. Softly, tell me in a whisper, is he not lovelier also than all other shepherds?

Daphne. I will go.

Chloe. Thou shalt not. See! he pauses, he sighs! surely some shepherdess has ensnared his heart: Chloe! thy hand trembles, fear not, here is no wolf.

Daphne. Let me! Oh let me go!

Chloe,

Chloe. Hush! listen!

The shepherdesses concealed themselves under the shade of the elder-bush, while Alexis, unconscious that he was overheard, in soft notes began the following song.

Thou pale silent moon be witness to my sighs, and ye, ye peaceful shades that have so often repeated Daphne's name. Ye flowers that spread your fragrance around me, the dew-drops sparkle on your leaves like the tears of love upon my cheeks. O could I—might I tell her that I love her, more than the bee loves the spring! I met her lately by the stream where she had been filling a pitcher with water. Let me carry that burden, too heavy for thy strength, said I. How kind art thou! she answered; trembling, I took the pitcher, and blushing, sighing, with my eyes fixt on the ground, I walked by Daphne's side, and could not, dared not tell her that I loved her. How mournfully thou droopest on my breast thou little Narcissus! this morning saw thee fresh and blooming, now thou art withered and dead. Alas! such will be my lot, and and so shall I fade in my youth, if Daphne rejects

rejects my love. Ah! if she disdains me, adieu, ye plants, ye flowers, till now my greatest joy, my sweetest care; unheeded may ye wither—for me no joy will ever blossom more: the wild weeds may then choak you, and the rank thorn-bushes spread their unwholesome shade over ye. Ye trees that my hand has planted, and that have recompensed my cares with sweet fruit, despoiled of your leaves, ye will then spread your dead branches amid the melancholy waste; and here, in this scene of desolation will I consume the rest of my days in sighs and tears. Oh, when my ashes rest beneath these shades, mayst thou enjoy every bliss that love can bestow, in the arms of a more deserving lover!—But wherefore do ye thus torment me, ye images of despair? my hopes still bloom; she smiles ever mildly on me when lingering I pass by her; and lately, as seated on the hill, I played on my pipe, and she passed through a neighbouring meadow, she stopped to listen to its strain. Scarce had I perceived her, when my lips, my fingers trembled; every note became confused, every sound indistinct, yet still she paused, still she listened. Oh! if I should ever lead her as my bride to your bowers,

bowers, glow then ye flowers with brighter, with livelier tints, and diffuse around her your richest, sweetest perfumes. Ye trees! bow your loaded branches to meet her, and offer her your fairest, ripest fruit.

So sung Alexis, while Daphne sighed, and her hand trembled as her friend held it. But Chloe called to the youth, Alexis! she loves thee! here she lies concealed by the shade of the elder-bush; come, and kiss the sparkling tears from her glowing cheeks that love has made her shed. Timidly he hastened to her, but I cannot describe to thee his rapture, when Daphne, hiding her face in Chloe's bosom, confessed her love.

THE TEMPEST.

UPON the promontory, from whose side the sedgy Tifernus precipitates itself into the sea, the swains Lacon and Battus sat: dark and heavy clouds hung over the ocean; solemn silence reigned around: the summits of the mountain-oaks were motionless: the swallows and sea-gulls flew in circles around. The swains had already protected their cattle from the storm, but lingered themselves on the mountain to behold its awful approach, and to contemplate the tempestuous ocean.

How fearful is this silence, said Lacon; see, the setting sun conceals itself amid those dark clouds, that rise like towering mountains over the surface of the water.

Battus. How dark and motionless lies the extended ocean! as yet tranquil; but hushed in a solemn stillness, soon to be exchanged for the loud roar of the tempest. A hollow murmur echoes around, like the distant cry of terror

ror and dismay, when some sudden calamity surprises an unhappy people.

Lacon. See how slowly the dark mountains of clouds ascend; blacker and more horrible they rise above each other, and rest upon the bosom of the deep.

Battus. Louder and more tremendous sounds the mingled murmur of winds and water: darkness lies on the ocean; the Diomedan islands are already hidden in the gloom; the flame of the watch-tower on yon promontory's brow still gleams through the awful darkness. Now the wild uproar of the winds begins;—see! they rend the clouds—they drive them raging before them—they rush upon the waves;—the ocean foams.

Lacon. The storm approaches in all its horror; yet I delight in beholding its rage; my bosom swells with pleasure mixed with anxiety; let us remain here, we are not far from our sheltering huts.

Battus. Willingly.—Already the tempest raves in all its fury; the waves break against the

the shore beneath us, and the winds howl through the bent summits of the trees.

Lacon. Behold how the waves dash their foam to the skies! they rise like rocky heights in dreadful succession above one another, and then plunge into the abyss below. The lightnings flame behind them, and illuminate the awful scene.

Battus. O immortal Gods! I see a vessel! like a bird on a promontory's brow, it sits on the edge of that monstrous wave:—Oh heavens! it sinks.—Where is it now?—what is become of the wretched mariners?—Buried for ever in the dark abyss.

Lacon. If my eyes do not deceive me, it rises again upon that swelling wave. Gods! save them; Oh! save them! Alas! alas! a mountain-wave has broken over them! O hapless men! wherefore did ye quit your paternal shores, and tempt the dangers of this boundless ocean? Could not the place of your birth afford you subsistence? Alas! ye sought for riches, and have found an untimely grave.

Battus.

Battus. In vain for you, on your native shores, your widows and orphan-children shall weep; in vain will they offer up vows and sacrifices for your safe return. Your tombs shall remain empty: the birds of prey, or the monsters of the deep shall devour you. Ye Gods! grant that I may ever live peaceably in my humble hut: all my wishes satisfied, all my wants supplied by my herds, my little field, and my flock.

Lacon. Great Gods! may I be punished like these men if ever discontent arise in my bosom; if ever I desire more than I now enjoy, sufficiency and peace.

Battus. Let us go down: perhaps the waves have cast some of these unfortunate men on the shore; if they still live, we shall have the comfort of preserving them, and if that hope is lost, we may at least give peace to their departed spirits, by entombing them in a quiet grave.

They went down to the shore, and found the body of a beautiful youth stretched on the sand: With tears they dug his grave on the strand,

strand, which was strewed with the fragments of the wreck; among these they found a little casket full of gold.

What shall we do with this? said Battus.

Lacon. We will preserve it; not to enrich ourselves (from wealth may the Gods preserve me!) but to restore it to the owner, if we should ever meet with him, or to bestow it on some one who needs it more than we do.

The treasure remained long useless and unknown in the hands of the shepherds; at last they employed it in erecting a little temple on the shore. Six pillars of white marble supported its dome, and in the centre was placed the image of Pan.

To Contentment, and to thee, benevolent Pan, this temple was consecrated.

THE

CURE FOR LOVE.

AT the rosy dawn of morning a Satyr lay entangled in a net, among the reeds of a marsh. One of his cloven-feet was sticking up through the net, while he lay exhausted and unable to disengage a single limb. The birds that fluttered among the reeds flew startled from the place, and the croaking frogs leapt fearfully around, astonished at the strange prisoner. I will howl, said he, I will howl as loud as my throat has power, till some one comes to my relief;—and he howled, till hill to hill, and vale to vale repeated the discordant sounds.

At length a Faun came from the thicket:—From whence proceeds that horrid sound? he said: Let me hear thy frightful voice once more, that I may discover where thou art. The Satyr howled again, and the Faun ran to the marsh, and found the prisoner. In the name of all the Gods, said the Satyr, deliver

me

me from this cursed net: I have been laying in this marsh since the first beams of moonlight. But the Faun disregarding his prayer, stood laughing and holding his shaking sides, as he looked at the ridiculous figure entangled in the net, with one leg stretched up immoveable, and half his body sunk in the mud. At length he began to untwist the net, and placed the captive on his feet. Is it sweet sleeping there? said he: In the name of the Gods, tell me by what strange chance thou hast found out this resting-place for thyself? Ye Gods, said the newly-delivered prisoner, is this the reward of the most ardent passion.—Oh! cursed be the hour in which I first saw her.—But let us seat ourselves yonder, under those drooping willows, for my leg pains me still.

They seated themselves under the willows, and the Satyr thus related his melancholy story:

A whole year already have I loved the nymph of that stream, which rushes through the tangling brush-wood, there, where the pine tree waves above the rock. Unheard, unpitied,

pitied, during the course of a whole year, have I stood half the night through before her cave, complained to her of my anguish, and sighed and wept;—but ever, ever in vain. Or I played on my syrinx to please her, or sung her a song of my love, that might have moved the very rocks to pity; but still she heard me not; still she pitied me not.

I should like much to hear that song, said the Faun.

I'll sing it to thee, said the Satyr; 'tis the best I ever made in my life. And he began thus:—

"Oh thou fairest Goddess! in comparison to whom Venus is but a homely woman! wilt thou never listen to my love? wilt thou be ever deaf to the voice of my complaining?—deaf as is this stone on which I sit. Oh! wretch that I am, shall I ever pipe in vain before thy cave, and sing, and weep, and lament in the sultry hours of noon, and amid the cold shadows of night! Thou knowest not how sweet it is to have a young lover; ask yon still owl, who dwells in the hollow tree behind thy grot, and who

who every night whoops for joy, as I used to do in my happier days, when I returned drunk to my cave. Oh! if thou knewest, thou wouldst spring from thy grot, throw thy snowy arms around my brown neck, and lead me kindly into thy dwelling; then should I leap for joy like a young calf. Oh! thou cruel one! how often have I decked thy cave with branches of oak and pine, and hung the aromatic fir-apple round its walls, that when thou hast returned from dancing and sporting, (alas! with others) thou hast been struck with surprise and admiration of its beautiful ornaments! How often, thou insensible one! have I collected the earliest strawberries of the spring, and placed them in large baskets before thy cave! Have I not offered thee of the best that every varying season yields? hazlenuts, and fresh roots, and goat's cheese.—Have I not brought thee in autumn my largest vessel full of the purple clusters, mashed, and swimming in their foaming must? I have long been employed in rearing a young goat for thee, and teaching him every art that can amuse thee:—when I call him, he comes and kisses me; and when I play on my pipe to him, he stands on his hind-legs, (Oh! thou

shouldst

shouldst see him then!) and dances, as I dance. Oh! thou cruel one! since my love for thee has so afflicted me, I have no longer any appetite for my food, and my wine-skin often remains a whole hour unopened. Formerly, my face was round and full like a gourd; but now I am meagre, and changed, and sweet sleep has flown from my eyes.—How sweet was once my rest, when I slept soundly in my cave, till the hot mid-day sun scorched me, or thirst awakened me! Oh! cruel nymph! afflict me no more.—I would rather be rolled in a bed of nettles, and rather lay a whole hour without wine on the hot sand, and beneath the burning sun, than endure any longer thy disdain. Come! thou milk-white nymph, forsake thy solitary grot, and come with me to my cave: it is the fairest in the whole thicket. I have spread soft goat-skins on its floor, for thee and I to rest on: I have hung my drinking vessels against its walls, great and small, in perfect order; and a sweet smell of must, and of wine, diffuses itself round the whole place. Oh! think, think how sweet it will be, when our sprightly children chace each other round the

the wine-vats, and laugh and prattle as they sit on the full skins.

And under the shade of the two oaks that grow before my cave, stands an image of Pan. I carved it myself most artfully of ebony. He is weeping over the nymph who was changed into whispering sedge:—his mouth is wide open, thou mightest lay a whole apple in it, so strongly have I expressed his anguish; yes, even his tears, his very tears, have I carved in the wood. But ah! thou comest not, thou comest not to me; I must bear my despair back to my solitary cave."

Here the Satyr was silent, and beheld with astonishment the scornful laughter of his deliverer. But tell me, said the Faun, how camest thou into the net?

Yesterday night, as usual, said the lover, I stood before her cave, and sung my song full three times over, in the most moving accents, interrupted by piteous sighs; and when at length I was returning home, melancholy and desponding, I stuck one of my feet into a net that was suddenly thrown over me: I sunk to the

the ground, and all my efforts to free myself, only entangled me still more; while I was thus struggling, I heard loud bursts of laughter on all sides: 'twas the nymph and her companions who surrounded me, and dragged me to the marsh. Here am I, said the cruel creature, as she stood laughing with her sister-nymphs, and thou comest not, that I may throw my snowy arms round thy brown neck; and thou leapst not for joy like a young calf, thou cruel one! Sleep then there, and I will bear my despair back to my solitary cave! So saying, she and her companions left me; but long after, I heard their bursts of laughter and rejoicings.—May the wild beasts devour me, if ever I go to her cave again!

Go! said the Faun; I think I should have punished thee sooner for thy troublesome affection: dance with thy kid, or carve thy adventures in ebony.

LYCIDAS

LYCIDAS AND CELIA,

OR

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

THE early morning sun flamed already from behind the high hills, and ushered in one of the most beautiful days of autumn, when Lycidas approached the window of his hut; fair gleamed the sun through the purple-striped, and green and yellow-mixed leaves of the vine, that waved by the fresh morning gale, arched over the window. Clear and bright were the heavens; a sea of clouds filled the valley, from whence the tops of the highest hills were seen projecting like little islands, decked with all their autumnal charms, and brightened by the sunbeams, that appeared to repose upon them. The trees were laded with ripe fruit; the bright yellow and purple of autumn tinged their foliage, and had left but little of the soft verdure of spring.

In joyful rapture Lycidas contemplated the wide

wide extended prospect, and listened to the lowing of herds, the flutes of shepherds, and the songs of the gay birds that now chased each other through the clear air, and now were lost amid the clouds of the valley. Enraptured he stood, and gazed; at length, wrapt in holy inspiration, he seized his lyre, and thus sung:

Grant me, ye Gods! grant me the power of expressing my rapture, my gratitude to you: all, all around me blooms in ripe beauty, and blessings overflow the happy land! Joy and loveliness reign around, and from the trees, and from the creeping vine, smile the ripe blessings of the purple year. Already the whole landscape has assumed the rich, the variegated garb of autumn.

Happy is he whose pure mind is undisturbed by remorse; who enjoys contentedly the blessings dispensed around him, and where he is able, does good to his fellow creatures. The bright morning awakes him to pleasure; the whole day to him is full of joy, and the tranquil shades of night enshroud him in peaceful slumbers. His lively spirit is awake

to every impression of pleasure; he feels every blessing of nature; every beauty of the changing year.

But happier, still happier the man who shares his pleasures with a wife, adorned with every beauty and virtue; a wife like thee, my beloved Celia! Since Hymen united our hands, every pleasure is doubly sweet to me; our lives are like two well-accorded flutes, that in soft tones repeat the same air; no jarring discord disturbs the sweet harmony, and every one that hears it, is filled with joy. Have my eyes ever betrayed a wish that thou hast not accomplished? Have I ever enjoyed a pleasure that has not been increased by thy participation? Has ever an anxiety pursued me into thy arms, that thy sweet smiles have not dispersed, as the bright sun dispels the mists of spring? Yes, when I led thee as my bride into my cot, chearfulness, comfort, and all the social virtues accompanied thee; they united themselves to our friendly household divinities, and took possession of our dwelling, to depart no more.

From that hour, a blessing has descended on

on my hut, and every object around it has had tenfold charms for me. Fruitful are my fields and my flocks, and prosperous all I plant, and all I sow. Cheerful is my daily labour, and soothing and delightful to me, thy sweet assiduity to refresh me, when I return weary at evening to my peaceful dwelling. The spring is sweeter to me in thy society; and fairer the summer and the autumn: when the storms of winter rave round our dwelling, I sit beside thee at our cheerful fire, and while industry, and thy sweet conversation beguile the long evenings, I taste all the inestimable blessings of domestic tranquillity. The pelting rain may confine me to the hut, and the driving snows enshroud all the beauties of nature in a mournful veil, but amid these privations, I more strongly feel, my Celia! that thou, thou alone, art all the world to me!

My lovely infants! ye have completed my happiness! sweet inheritors of all your mother's charms; what blessings bloom for us in you: the first syllables that she taught your little lips to pronounce, were, that you loved me. You are the delight of our youth, and your virtues, your happiness, will be the

solace

solace of our age: the roses of health and pleasure glow on your cheeks, and mirth and joy lighten in your sparkling eyes; mildness and benevolence mark themselves already in your infantine sports. Oh! how delightful to me is your innocent rapture, when I return from the field or the flock, and you fly with shouts of joy from the threshold to meet me, and receive with infantine delight, the presents I bring you of ripe fruits, or little gardening tools which I have made for you while I tended the sheep, to accustom your little hands to labour, as yet too weak to cultivate the field. With rapture I hasten then into thy open arms, my Celia! and with sweet smiles, thou kissest away the tears of pleasure that bedew my cheeks.

At this moment, Celia appeared, with one of her beautiful infants on each arm. She was fairer than the dewy morning, as the tears of joy glittered on her rosy cheek. Oh! my beloved! she exclaimed, how blessed am I! we come to thank thee for all thy love to us.

Lycidas clasped his wife and children in his

his arms; they spoke not; they only felt their happiness: and whoever had seen them at that moment, deep touched to the very heart, must have confessed, that the virtuous alone are truly happy.

THE

THE BIRD.

THE young Milon caught a bird one day in the pine wood. Its feathers were beautiful, but still more beautiful was its song. He made a cage for it in the hollow of his hands, and full of delight he ran with it to the place where his flock were reposing in the shade. Throwing his straw-hat on the ground, he imprisoned his little captive under it, and hastened to a neighbouring lake, to collect the slenderest willow-twigs and rushes to form it a cage. When I have made thee a pretty cage, said the shepherd, I will carry thee, little flutterer! to my Chloe; as a reward for such a gift, I may reasonably ask one sweet kiss; she is not ill-natured, she will grant me one, and if she gives me that, I can easily steal three or four more. Oh! how I wish the cage was finished.

Thus he spoke, as he ran back with the rushes under his arm to the place where he had

had left his treasure: but how was he struck with astonishment and grief! A malicious zephyr overturning the straw-hat, had released the little bird, and on its silken wings his kisses flew away!

JEALOUSY.

JEALOUSY.

THE most tormenting of all passions, is jealousy: the most poisonous of the serpents that the furies nourish in our bosoms. Alexis had felt its stings. He loved Daphne, and was beloved by her. Both might boast of beauty; his dark complexion and majestic form were marked by manly grace; she was fair and innocent, and spotless as the lily which opens to the first mild beams of morn. They had sworn eternal truth to each other; and Venus and the loves conspired to bless their union.

The father of Alexis had just recovered from a dangerous illness: My son, said he to the youth, I have made a vow to sacrifice six sheep to the God of health: go, and lead them to his altar. The temple of the God was two long day's journey distant. Alexis with tears in his eyes bade farewell to his beloved maiden; dejected as if he were about to traverse a wide ocean. Pensive and melancholy he drove the sheep before him, and sighed like the turtle-dove as he pursued his solitary way.

He passed through flowery plains without even perceiving them; in vain the lovely landscape smiled around him; he felt not its beauties, he felt only his love; he saw only his Daphne as she sat in her lonely cottage, or on the shady banks of the stream.—He heard her repeat his name, and sighed.

Thus he passed on with his sheep, regreting that they had not the swiftness of deer, and at length arrived at the temple. The sacrifice completed, he hastened on the wings of love back to his home; but as he passed through a thicket, a thorn pierced his foot so deeply, that the pain scarcely allowed him to drag himself to a neighbouring cottage, where he was hospitably received by a shepherd, who applied healing plants to his wound. Gods! how unfortunate am I, cried Alexis continually;—starting, and restlessly counting the slow-passing minutes: every hour appeared a long winter's night to his impatience.

At length some evil genius instilled into his bosom the poison of jealousy. Gods! what an idea! murmured he, wildly casting his eyes around: Daphne untrue to me? Hateful thought!

thought!—Yet women are women; and Daphne is beautiful:—Who could ever see her without loving her? And has not Daphnis long languished for her? He is handsome: who is not moved by his soft songs; and who can produce such sweet tones as he pours from his flute? His cottage is next to Daphne's; a woodbine thicket alone divides them. Oh fly me! fly me, hateful thought! already hast thou sunk deep in my heart, and day and night thy horrid form torments me!

His sickly imagination often pourtrayed the maid timidly stealing through the shade, while Daphnis, by the stream, in softest notes, poured forth to her and echo the effusions of his love. He saw her languishing eye; he marked her bosom heave with tender sighs. Or sometimes he fancied he beheld her asleep in a woodbine bower, while Daphnis, stealing gently through the yielding foliage, approached her, and fixed undisturbed his ardent glances on her charms; he bends over her, he presses her hand, and she awakes not! He kisses her glowing cheek—he approaches her lips—Oh heavens! and she awakes not! Wretch that I am, wherefore do I torment myself with these horrid

images. Why! Oh why was I endowed with feelings that thus agonize my whole frame?—Ungrateful!—How can I harbour a thought injurious to her innocence?

The sixth tormenting day had already arrived, and his wound was scarce yet healed, when Alexis embraced and bade farewell to his benefactor; who employed every entreaty that benevolent hospitality could urge, to detain him. But in vain; pursued by the furies he hastened away.

It was night, and the full moon shed its beams on Daphne's peaceful cottage, as he reached his native village. Oh! henceforth begone, tormenting thoughts, yonder is the abode of my love; this night, this very night I shall shed tears of rapture on her bosom. Thus he spoke, as he bounded along; but as he approached the vine-covered porch before the cottage, he saw his Daphne come out from it. Oh! it is she! Daphne! my love! Thy slender form, thy soft step, thy snow-white robe!—It is she, ye Gods!—But whither is she hastening at this untimely hour? It is dangerous for a feeble maid to venture thus

thus alone at midnight into the open fields. Perhaps full of tender impatience she flies to meet me.—Scarce had he spoke, when a youth advancing from the porch, placed himself by Daphne's side. He affectionately pressed her hand in his, and offered her a basket of flowers, which with gentle action she accepted, and placed on her arm. Thus they passed on through the moonlight, while Alexis, filled with despair, stood at a distance, and trembled in every limb. Ye Gods! what do I see?—Too true, alas! too true were my forebodings; they were whispered to me by some pitying divinity. Wretch that I am!—Where, Oh! where art thou, benevolent power, that hast thus forewarned me; avenge me, before my eyes, avenge me of this perfidy, and let me then die in peace.

Leaning on each other's arm, in soft tranquillity, the youth and maid pursued their moonlight way to the little myrtle wood which surrounds the temple of Venus.

Do they seek the myrtle-shade, said Alexis, raving: that shade, in which she has so often vowed eternal truth to me? They have entered the

the wood: Gods! I see them no longer:—concealed by the tufted foliage, they will seat themselves under the shade:—yet no!—I see them again; her white robe glistens in the moonlight, as she passes between the dark rows of the trees. They stop: there is a delightful opening and soft turf: faithless pair! there will ye seat yourselves, and while the moon's soft light descends upon you, swear by its beams the eternal duration of your guilty passion. May the furies pursue you!—but no;—hark! the nightingales pour their tenderest strains around them, and the turtle-doves sigh from the bending boughs. But soft! even there, they stop not: they approach the temple of the Goddess: Ha! I will follow them; I will listen to them, and witness their perfidy.

He stole into the myrtle thicket; the youth and maiden approached the temple, whose snow-white marble pillars glistened in the moonlight. Will they venture to tread that hallowed floor? said Alexis; will the Goddess of love sanction the blackest perfidy?

Daphne ascending the steps of the temple, with the basket of flowers in her hand, passed through

through the long range of pillars, while the youth waited her return at the entrance of the portico.

Concealed by the myrtle thicket, Alexis ventured to approach. Shuddering with anguish and despair, he at length stole to one of the pillars, and shrouded by its deep shadow, he watched in breathless attention, while Daphne approached the image of the Goddess. Formed of the purest white marble, and resplendent in the moon-beams, the Goddess appeared to retire with dignified modesty from the admiring glance of mortals; while she beheld with a gracious smile, the sacrifices that were offered at her feet. Daphne sunk on her knees before the altar, and in the most tender accents, and while her eyes streamed with tears, she thus spoke:

Hear, Oh! hear me, sweet Goddess, protectress of faithful love, listen to my supplication, and accept graciously the garlands I offer at thy shrine. The dews of evening, and my tears, glitter upon these flowers; Alas! this is the sixth day since Alexis left me! Restore him in safety, sweet Goddess! to my bosom: return

return him, faithful and tender as when he left me, to my longing arms!

Alexis heard, and turned his eyes on the youth who stood near him, and on whose countenance the moon-beams now fell: it was the brother of Daphne. The timid maiden ventured not alone to visit at midnight the temple of the Goddess.

Alexis advanced from behind the pillar: Daphne beheld him with mingled rapture and surprise. Overpowered by joy and shame, he threw himself into her arms: clasped in each other's embrace they sunk at the feet of the Goddess.

AMINTA.

AMINTA.

AMINTA was beautiful and poor: she had been brought up in virtue and innocence by a mother, of whose tender care death too early deprived her. She now tended the flocks of Mycon, who tenanted the lands of Nicias, a rich citizen of Mitylene. She went one day with tears in her eyes to the silent grave of her mother; she poured a vase of water on the sacred spot, and hung garlands on the slender osiers she had planted over it: she seated herself by the grave, and while her cheeks were bathed with tears, she thus spoke.

Oh! how dear is the remembrance of thy virtue and goodness to my heart! Beloved mother! thou hast preserved my innocence. Can I ever forget thy last injunctions, when with a tranquil smile thou gazedst upon me, and sinking upon my bosom, expiredst. Can I ever forget thy virtues? Oh! when I do, may the good Gods forget me, may I die in misery, and may thy gentle shade refuse to receive me. Beloved mother, thou hast preserved

served my innocence. I will tell all to thy dear shade; forlorn and forsaken as I am, alas! I have no one else to whom I dare confide the thoughts of my heart. Nicias, the lord of Mycon, whose flocks I tend, came down hither to enjoy the pleasures of autumn. He saw me, and treated me with peculiar kindness; he praised my flocks, and commended my care of them; he told me I was handsome, and made me presents. Simple maiden that I was, but alas! how little do we know who live in the country—how kind, thought I, is our master; may the Gods reward him for his goodness; I will pray for him, that is all which is in my power. How happy are the rich, how favoured by the Gods: yet they deserve it, if they are all as benevolent as he is. Thus I thought, and withdrew not my hand when he clasped it, and only blushed, and dared not look up, when he placed a ring of gold upon my finger. See the little winged boy engraved on this stone; it is he who will make thee happy, said he, and touched my glowing cheek with his hand. He feels the affection of a father for me, said I to myself; how have I deserved such kindness from so powerful a lord? Simple child that I was, how, Oh! how was I deceived.

This

This morning he found me in the garden, and gently caressing me, he said, Bring me some new-blown flowers; I will refresh myself with their perfumes in yonder myrtle-bower. Delighted to be employed by him, I collected the freshest flowers, and ran with eager haste to the bower: Thou art light as a zephyr, said he, and fairer than the Goddess of flowers, and —Oh! Heavens! I tremble still—he drew me on his knee, he pressed me to his bosom, and every thing seductive and enchanting that passion and love can urge, flowed from his lips. I wept; I trembled; in one moment I had been too weak to resist his arts, I had been no longer thy virtuous, thy innocent child; but the remembrance of thee preserved me. Oh! if thy virtuous mother had seen thee suffer these disgraceful caresses—the thought gave me new strength: I started—I flew. Now am I come, my beloved mother, to weep on thy grave: Alas! unhappy child that I was, so early to lose thee; deprived of thy care, I droop like the tender flower that has lost the prop that supported it. I pour this vase of water to thy virtuous shade: accept this garland, accept my tears, and hear me, hear me my beloved mother; Ah! to thy ashes which rest beneath

beneath these flowers, bedewed with my tears, to thy holy shade, I repeat my vow. Virtue, innocence, and the fear of the Gods, shall form the happiness of my life; though I am poor, I will be contented and virtuous; I will do nothing that thou, with a tender smile, mightest not have approved: then shall I be like thee, beloved by the Gods and men: then shall I, like thee, meet death with tranquil smiles and tears of joy.

She left the sacred spot: emotions of virtue and of pleasure ennobled her whole form, and beamed in her tear-bedewed eyes. She was fair as a mild April day, when the sun pours a broken gleam through the soft falling shower. She was returning chearfully to her work, when Nicias met her.—Maiden, he said, while a tear stole over his cheek, I have listened to thee as thou satest by thy mother's grave: fear not, virtuous girl; thanks to the Gods, thanks to thy virtue, that has preserved me from the guilt of having seduced thy innocence. Forgive me, chaste maiden, forgive me; and fear no new insult from me: thy virtue has awakened every good feeling of my heart. Be chaste, be virtuous; but deign also to be happy. The shady meadow by thy mother's grave, and half the flock thou

thou tendest, be thine: may a lover, virtuous and deserving as thyself, complete the happiness of thy life. Weep not, sweet maid; accept the gifts I offer thee with a pure heart, and suffer me henceforth to watch over thy happiness. If thou deny me this request, remorse for having injured thy virtue will embitter my future days. Forget, Oh! forget my crime: thou, like a good divinity hast preserved me from destruction.

BATHING.

BATHING.

Rosa.

IT is sultry, though the sun is already setting amid the rosy clouds; the plants still languish beneath his scorching ray. Let us go down to the edge of the rivulet, where the little waves break against the bank; it is cool and delightful under the hanging foliage.

Sylvia. Go, Rosa! I will follow thee; but walk farther before me, the parting boughs beat in my face.

Rosa. How crystal clear is this stream! thou mayest see every pebble at the bottom of it. By the nymphs! I am strongly inclined to throw my garments on the shore, and plunge up to the bosom in its delightful waters.

Sylvia. If any one should come—if any one should see us.

Rosa. No foot-path leads to this bank; we are

are quite surrounded by the tufted thicket. This apple-tree which hangs down over the water, conceals us under its arching foliage, and encloses us in a green cave. We are hidden from every eye ; see, the foliage only opens here and there to give entrance to a little sunbeam, and the fanning zephyrs soon close it again.

Sylvia. Well, Rosa! if thou wilt venture, I will.

The shepherdesses threw their robes upon the bank, and softly shuddering, entered the cool stream. The dancing waves embraced their slender waists, and played over their snowy bosoms, as they seated themselves on some stones that lay in the water near the shore.

Rosa. I feel so refreshed, so revived !— What shall we do ? shall we sing ?

Sylvia. Simple child ! Sing ! that they may hear us from the shore ?

Rosa. We will only whisper then : Oh ! now

now I think of it; let us tell stories. Tell me one first.

Sylvia. A story?

Rosa. Yes; some nice little secret now; you shall tell one first, and then I will.

Sylvia. I know a very pretty one, but—

Rosa. Oh! I will be as silent as these bushes.

Sylvia. Well then:—A day or two ago, as I was driving my flock down the hill to the meadow in the valley, whose shores are washed by the sea:—thou knowest the large cherry-tree that stands by the side of the hill;—as I —yet am I not foolish thus to disclose to thee my greatest secret?

Rosa. I will confide mine to thee in my turn.

Sylvia. Well, as I was going slowly down the path-way, I heard all at once a lovely voice that sung one of the sweetest songs! Timidly I paused,

I paused, and listened, and looked round, but no one, no one could I see: I walked on, and the voice sounded every moment nearer to me; I continued my way, and then it appeared behind me, for I had passed the cherry-tree, from whose leafy summit the sweet voice sung.—But what it sung—Oh that I dare not tell thee Rosa! though I remember exactly every syllable.

Rosa. Thou must tell me:—under these silent shades we need feel no reserve; and maidens when they bathe, always tell their secrets to each other.

Sylvia. I will then: yet I must needs blush to repeat my own praises: but young shepherds, thou knowest, always exaggerate when they speak of us. As I walked slowly down the path-way—I feel the colour mount into my cheek—Who is she, whose slender graceful form descends the hill? (thus the song began) tell me, ye light zephyrs that sport with her tresses, and with her waving robe? Is it one of the graces? if so, it must be the youngest and the most beautiful of them. See how the purple-blossomed thyme, and the white

fragrant flowers of the clover, bow beneath the soft pressure of her steps: how the azure harebell, the fragile poppy, and sky-tinted cyanus that border the pathway, bend to kiss her lovely feet! I will collect the flowers that thy foot-steps have pressed; I will weave them into two garlands; the one shall entwine my hair; the other will I consecrate to love.

Mark how timidly her mild dark eyes glance around! fear not, my love, I am no bird of prey, no sad prophet of evil. Oh! that my voice could breathe such soft tones as might detain thee! Oh! that I could sing more gaily than the grasshopper, and sweeter than Philomel in the clear mild evenings of May; for not so delightful is spring to the nightingale, as the sight of thy beauty to me.

Ah! hasten not so timidly away! Ye sharp thorns, wound not the tender feet of my fair, but catch her flowing robe as she passes, and detain her a little longer in my sight. But she hastens, she hastens away! The soft western breezes propitious to my love, in vain oppose her way; she passes on, and now I only see her

her fluttering robe; thyself, Oh! timid maiden thyself they could not detain.

I will fill a little basket with the fairest fruit from this tree, and suspend it by moonlight at thy window. If thou deignest to accept my humble offering, then shall I be the happiest shepherd of the hamlet. Thou art hastening away; I see still the last fold of thy robe; now it disappears; and now—now even the last glimpse of thy shadow is lost to my view.

Thus sung the shepherd, as I passed on with my eyes fixed on the ground: one stolen glance I directed to the summit of the cherry-tree, but no one could I perceive through the thick clustering foliage. When night came, thou may'st believe, I could not sleep; and as I lay musing, I saw—the moon-beams fell full upon him—I saw a young shepherd suspend a basket at my window. The moon shone bright, and reflected his shadow on my bed; I blushed, and as soon—as soon as he had stolen away, only to convince myself that it was not a dream, I went to the window and untied the basket. It was filled with the most

beautiful crimson cherries; they were the sweetest that I ever eat, and he had mixed rose-buds and myrtle leaves among them. But who that shepherd was, curious as thou art, Rosa! who that shepherd was, would I not tell thee for all the world.

Rosa. I do not ask thee to tell me; mysterious as thou art thou canst not deny that it was my brother. The basket he fixed at thy window was my gift to him. I see a blush redder than rose-buds rise over thy form, from where the waves play over thy bosom, even to thy forehead, half hid by thy flowing hair; thou fixest thy timid eyes upon the water; embrace me, dearest Sylvia! love me, and love my brother for my sake.

Sylvia. If I did not love thee as myself, should I have confided to thee my greatest secret?

Rosa. That thou mayest not repent thy confidence, I will be equally sincere; and tell to thee also the secret of my heart. The last new moon, when my father sacrificed to Pan, he invited his friend Menalcas to the feast who

who came, accompanied by Corin, his son. The youth played on the flute during the sacrifice, and no one, thou knowest, can produce from it more melodious tones. His golden hair flowed loosely over his snow-white garment, and thus adorned, he looked beautiful as the youthful Apollo: after the sacrifice we went——But hark! a rustling in the thicket, some one approaches—Oh nymphs! protect us!—quick, let us seize our garments and fly.

The timid maidens flew swift as doves, who perceive the falcon towering in the air: yet the cause of their alarm was only a young doe; who sought the stream to quench its thirst.

MENALCA'S

MENALCAS AND ALEXIS,

OR

THE PLEASURE OF DOING GOOD.

MENALCAS was an old man: eighty years had already passed over his head; his tresses and his beard were silver-white, and a staff supported his feeble steps. As the labourer who has toiled through the long summer's day, sits contented in the cool of the evening, and after having offered up his prayers to heaven, peacefully awaits the calm hours of sleep; —so Menalcas resigned to rest, and the service of the Gods, the remainder of his days, and happy in the recollection of a life well spent, he tranquilly and chearfully expected the quiet slumber of the tomb.

He saw his children happy: he had resigned to them his rich herds and fertile meadows; they vied with each other who should most love the old man, who should best repay the tender care he had taken of their infancy; and the

the Gods rewarded their filial piety. He sat often at his cottage door, or in the inclosure before it, from whence he could overlook his well planted garden, or contemplate at a pleasing distance the labours and the riches of the fields. Or he conversed with the passenger with friendly garrulity, and listened to the news of the village, or learnt from the traveller the manners and customs of distant lands. His grand-children, his sweetest amusement, sported around him: it was he who adjusted their little quarrels, who instilled into their tender minds the duties of benevolence and compassion to men and animals, and in every amusement he pointed out to them, inculcated some simple and affecting truth. He made playthings for them: they came incessantly running to him with their requests—Make us this, and make us that—and when he had complied, they kissed him and bounded away with shouts of pleasure. He taught them how to form pipes and flutes of the reeds that overshadow the lake, and instructed them in the tones which recall the wandering sheep and goats from the pasture. He taught them many songs, which the younger children sung, while the elder accompanied them on the flute. Or he

he related to them instructive stories, while they sat in mute attention on the threshold, or on the ground around him.

One morning he was sitting in the little sunny enclosure before his hut, alone with his grand-child Alexis, a beautiful boy, who had scarce seen thirteen summers: the roses of youth and health glowed on his polished cheeks, and his hair waved in ringlets of gold. The old man was describing to him the pleasure that results from doing good; the delight of relieving the helpless and distressed. The mild splendor of the rising sun, the ruddy, glowing tints of evening, the moon's calm radiance in a serene night—all these swell our bosoms with pleasure; but sweeter, still sweeter, my son! is the recollection of a benevolent deed.

Tears rolled down the lovely cheeks of Alexis; he looked with rapture on the old man: Thou weepest my Child! said Menalcas, and fixed his eyes full of affectionate solicitude upon him, surely my words alone could not have moved thee thus: something in thine own bosom has given weight and force to them.

them. Alexis wiped the tears from his eyes, but succeeding ones rolled over his cheeks: Yes, said he, I feel it, I feel it entirely; nothing is so sweet as the recollection of a benevolent action.

Menalcas pressed the youth's hand in his, and said, I read on thy brow, and in thine eyes, that something more than my words affects thee.

Alexis, confused and hesitating, fixed his eyes on the ground; And are not thy words sufficient, he said, to make tears, like drops of dew, flow down my cheeks?

I see, my son, said Menalcas, that for the first time thou concealedst thy thoughts from me; though even now, they swell in thy bosom, and tremble on thy tongue.

Alexis wept, and said, Oh! I will tell thee all: thou hast taught us, that he is but half virtuous, who boasts of the little he has done, and it was for that reason, that I sought to conceal the sensations that swell my bosom, and make me experience, that to do good is the

the sweetest pleasure of our lives. One of our sheep had wandered from the flock, and as I sought it among the hills, I heard the voice of lamentation; I stole through the thicket, to the place from whence it came, and saw a man who had just taken a heavy burden from his shoulders, and laid it on the parched ground. My weary feet will carry me no farther, said he; how wretched is my life! a miserable subsistence is all I can earn. Already have I wandered for hours, oppressed with this heavy burden in the mid-day sun, and I can find no stream to quench my burning thirst, no tree, whose fruit might cool my parched lips. Alas! I see nothing but a wilderness around me; no foot-path to direct my weary steps: my trembling limbs can no longer support me. Yet I will not murmur, ye Gods! ye have ever heard me, and assisted me!—So saying, he sunk down, faint and breathless on his burden.

Unperceived by him, I ran as fast as I could to our hut; I hastily collected a basket full of dried and fresh fruits; I filled my largest flaggon with milk, and running back over the hills, I found the man sunk into a

sweet

sweet refreshing sleep. Softly, softly I stole behind him, and placed the basket and the flaggon of milk beside him, and softly I crept back to my hiding place among the bushes.

He soon awakened, and exclaimed, How sweet and refreshing is sleep!—Thou hast served me as a soft pillow, continued he, looking at his burden, I will now try to drag thee a little farther: perhaps I may soon hear the murmuring of a spring, or find a hut, whose benevolent owner will allow me to rest beneath his roof. So saying, he attempted to raise the burden on his shoulders, when suddenly he perceived the flaggon and the basket: the burden dropped from his hands—Gods! he cried, what do I see? Ah! hungry wretch! I am dreaming of food, and when I awake it will vanish—But no! I am awake; and he touched the fruit with his hand. What benevolent deity has wrought this wonder? the first drops from this flask, and these, the fairest of the fruits, I consecrate to thee: accept, Oh! accept graciously, this proof of the gratitude that animates my whole soul.

So saying, he seated himself, and with tears

tears of pleasure enjoyed his meal. He arose, refreshed and cheerful, and once more returned thanks to the Gods, who had thus bountifully provided for him. Or perhaps, said he, the Gods have sent hither some benevolent mortal. Why, Oh! why can I not see him and embrace him? where art thou, that I may thank thee, that I may bless thee! Bless, ye Gods! bless this virtuous being, bless all that are dear to him, all that depend upon him. My hunger is appeased; I will take this fruit with me; my wife and children shall eat of it, and shall bless their unknown benefactor, with tears of gratitude. He went away; Oh! I wept with joy. I ran before him through the thicket, and seated myself on a bank that he was to pass; he soon came up to me, and said, Tell me my son, hast thou seen any one upon these hills, bearing a flaggon and a basket of fruit? No, said I, I have seen no one among these thickets, carrying a flaggon and a basket of fruit. But tell me, how camest thou in this wilderness? thou hast surely lost thy way, no path leads to this place. I have indeed lost my way, answered he, and had not some good divinity relieved me, or some mortal, whose goodness the Gods will reward,

I had perished of hunger and thirst among these mountains.

Let me then shew thee the way, said I, and give me thy burden to carry, thou wilt follow me the lighter. After many denials, he gave me the burden, and I conducted him to the beaten path. It is the remembrance of this, that even now fills my eyes with tears of joy. Common and trifling is all I have been able to do, and yet the recollection is sweet and refreshing to me, as the mild sun-beams. Oh! what happiness must he feel, who has done a great deed of good!

The old man embraced the lovely boy with tears of pleasure. Peacefully and happily shall I descend into the grave, said he: virtue and benevolence will remain the inhabitants of my hut.

INFANTINE

INFANTINE SPORTS.

SYLVIA AND COLIN.

Sylvia.

TELL me my beloved Colin to what divinity is this spot sacred? to whose worship does this little altar rise?

Colin. To Love, my Sylvia, to Love is this altar consecrated. Ah! how sweet is it to rest by this stream, where we, thou must remember, when we were little children, scarce higher than this columbine, spent so many happy hours in harmless sports. With my own hands I have erected this altar to love; for in this place (sweet remembrance!) love sprung first within our bosoms.

Sylvia. Oh! my beloved Colin! I will plant roses and myrtles round this altar, which if Pan protects them, will flourish and arch themselves into a little temple over it. For to me

me also, my beloved, is this remembrance sweet and precious.

Colin. Dost thou recollect how often we scooped the gourds, and filling their hollow shells with cherries and strawberries, floated them like little boats on this stream?

Sylvia. Oh yes! and hazle nut-shells, and acorn-cups, and the empty seed-heads of the poppies were our play things; we filled them with drops of milk, and eat little crumbs of bread and currants out of them. And thou called'st me thy little wife, as we played together there.

Colin. See'st thou this thicket? its branches are still arched, though now it is grown wild and tangled: this was our house; we arched it as high as we could reach, yet a young goat might have torn with its horns, the tallest branches of the roof. We interwove rushes and willow-twigs, to form its walls, and closed it with a little wicket in front. Ah! how sweet was every hour that we could steal to spend together in this place.

Sylvia. Dost thou not remember, I planted a garden before the house? a hedge of rushes surrounded it;—a sheep might have browzed the whole of it in an instant.

Colin. Oh! I remember! you planted all the tiniest flowers in it that you could find in the meadows and vales.

Sylvia. You were ever ingenious, my beloved: you contrived to lead a little rill from the neighbouring stream into our garden. It passed through hollow reeds over the flowers, and in one place it fell into a bason which you had hollowed of wood, and which, when it was full, might have afforded one good draught to a thirsty person;—see, yonder it lies in the stream.

Colin. Unblessed is the house in which there are no children: thou found'st a little broken image of Cupid, and nursed'st it, and attended'st it, as if thou had'st been really its mother. A nut-shell was its bed, and thou sangs't to it, while it slept upon rose leaves and flowers.

Sylvia.

Sylvia. Ah! now he will reward us for all the care we took of him.

Colin. One day I made a little cage of rushes and confined a grasshopper in it, and gave it you for a present. You took him out to play with him, and as he struggled to get free from you, he left one of his slender legs between your fingers. Trembling with pain, he sat on a blade of grass. See! Oh see! said you, the poor insect! how it trembles! what agony it is in! and I have given it all this pain. You wept with pity and tenderness, and I was enraptured to see you so good, and so benevolent.

Sylvia. But still more benevolent and kind were you one day, my beloved, when my brother stole two young birds from their nest: Give me the poor birds, said you, but he refused. I will give thee this crook for them, said you; see how carefully I have peeled off the brown rind, and left only a wreath of leaves to entwine round the white stick. The exchange was soon made, and the birds your own; you placed them carefully in your scrip, and climbed hastily up the tree to return them

to their nest. Tears of joy, my beloved! bedewed my cheeks. If I had never loved thee before, yet from that moment I should have loved thee.

Colin. So sweetly passed the happy hours of infancy, when in our childish sports I was thy husband, and thou my wife.

Sylvia. I shall remember those hours as long as I live.

Colin. How blessed, my beloved, will all our days be, when in the next moon (so thy good mother has promised) Hymen shall make that happiness real, which in our sweet infantine sports we could only feign.

Sylvia. Oh! may the good Gods bless us my beloved, never were youthful lovers happier than we shall be!

DAPHNIS,

DAPHNIS,

OR THE SERENADE.

IN the stillness of night, Daphnis had stolen to the hut of his beloved maid; for the cares and anxieties of love rendered him sleepless: The glittering stars were thickly strewed in the blue arch of heaven; soft shone the moon through the dark shade of the trees; all breathed serenity and peace; every labour had ceased, and every light was extinguished: bright scattered gleams of moonlight only danced upon the trembling waves, or now and then a glow-worm sparkled through the darkness. Daphnis seated himself opposite the hut, with melancholy pleasure, and fixed his eyes on the window of the little chamber in which his maiden slept. It was half open to the cool breeze of night and to the moon's mild beam: with soft voice he began the following song.

Sweet be thy slumbers, Oh! my beloved one! refreshing is the morning dew. Soft and

peaceful mayest thou rest, as a pearl of dew in the bosom of the lily, when no zephyr bows the flower's trembling head. For ought not the tranquil slumbers of innocence to belong to such purity as thine? May none but sweet and soothing dreams visit thy pillow: descend ye pleasing dreams! upon the beams of the moon, descend around her. Let her see fields of flowers, where snow-white flocks are wandering; let her hear the soft tones of the flute, sweet as when Apollo plays, echo through the lonely valley. Or let her fancy she bathes in a pure stream, while myrtles and roses entwine around, unseen save by the little bird that sings on the spray beside her. Let her imagine she is sporting among the graces, who own her for their sister, and cover her with a shower of flowers: let the garland she weaves belong to the graces, and that which they have entwined, adorn her brow. Or let her wander through thick o'erarching trees, among the sweetest flowers, while little Cupids, in clusters like bees, wanton around her; pursuing and catching each other: ten of them support between them a perfumed apple, and another group offer her the purple clusters of the vine; some hover over

over the new opened flowers, and fan the rich perfumes around her with their little wings. Then, veiled in a cloud of fragrance, may love himself approach her, his bow and arrows concealed, for these might alarm the timid maiden, but adorned with all his charms, with all his graces. And Oh! may my image appear to her; timid and with downcast eyes may it stand before her, and blushing, confess that I live only in her smiles. Never yet have I dared to disclose my love to her. At this dream may a soft sigh heave her bosom; may a smile, and a warm blush pass over her cheek as she sleeps. Oh! would that I were fairer than Apollo, when he tended his flocks! would that my songs were sweeter than the complaint of the nightingale! would that every virtue adorned me, that I were worthy to be beloved by her!

So sung the shepherd, and returned through the moonlight to his hut: soft dreams of love and hope sweetened his slumbers. Early in the morning he led his flocks over the hill near which stood the hut of his beloved. His sheep passed slowly along, and loitered to crop the grass on each side of the path. Graze on ye sheep,

sheep, ye lambs, never will ye find sweeter pasture: wherever she casts her eyes the grass grows sweeter and fresher. Wherever she walks, flowers spring under her feet. Thus spoke the shepherd, as he perceived his beloved at her window: the first soft beams of the sun shone on her fair face; he saw plainly that she smiled as she looked on him, and that a deeper rose-colour mounted into her cheeks. Slowly, and with beating heart, he passed by her. Mildly and kindly she greeted him, and with eyes full of affection she pursued him as he retired, for she had listened to his nightly song.

MYCON'S

MYCON'S GRAVE.

MILON and I were travelling from Miletus, to offer sacrifices to Apollo. Already we discerned at a distance, the hill on which the lofty temple stands; which, supported by marble pillars, and towering above the grove of laurel that surrounded it, ascended high into the clear blue air. Beyond it, the sea glittered on our sight, unbounded by any object our eyes could reach.

It was noon; the burning sand scorched our feet; and the sun darted his rays so directly over our heads, that the shadow of the locks that hung over our foreheads, extended over the whole face. The panting lizard dragged his slow length among the ferns that bordered the path-way, and the cricket and grasshopper chirped under the shadow of the withered grass: clouds of dust arose at every step, that inflamed our eyes, and settled on our parched lips. We passed along, languid and

and fatigued, till the sight of a forest at a short distance, encouraged us to quicken our steps. The tall trees cast a shade as dark as night: struck with holy awe, we entered under their delightful shadow, which spread immediate coolness and refreshment over us. The trees enclosed a little spot, through which flowed a cold and chrystal stream: their branches, laden with rosy fruit, hung over the waters, while beneath them the raspberry and gooseberry entwined their woody sprays, and the strawberry over-spread the whole ground with its matted tendrils. But the stream rose from the foot of a monument, overshadowed by sweet-briar and honey-suckle, and entwined by the clasping ivy.

Oh Heavens! I exclaimed, how lovely and refreshing is this spot! Blessed is he who planted this shade. Perhaps his ashes rest here.

There, said Milon, in the front of the monument, between the thick branches of the sweet-briar, and honey-suckle, I think I see some characters engraved. They will perhaps inform

inform us who it was, who thus provided for the wants of the weary traveller.

And separating the thick boughs with his staff, he read the following inscription;

"Here rest the ashes of Mycon, whose "life was a series of benevolent deeds: de- "sirous even after his death, to relieve the "wants of his fellow-creatures, he led hither "this stream, and planted these trees."

Blessed be thy ashes! and sweet thy rest, thou virtuous man! and blessed be the children that succeed thee!—While thus I spoke, a woman appeared among the trees; she was young and beautiful, and her tall and slender figure was marked by dignity and grace. She bore a vase of water on her arm, and advancing to the fountain, she addressed us in mild and gentle accents.

Blessed be the shade under which you repose, she said; you are perhaps travellers, and weary with the length of the way, and the scorching heat of the sun: tell me, do you need

need any refreshment you have not found here?

We thank you, benevolent stranger, I answered: we require no other refreshment: sweetly has this stream, this fruit, and this delightful shade relieved our wants. We are filled with veneration of the virtuous man whose ashes rest beneath: thou art of this country, and perhaps hast known him. Tell us, while thus we repose beneath the cooling shade, tell us, who he was?

The woman now placed the vase of water at the foot of the monument, and as she reclined against it, she said,—

His name was Mycon:—Mycon who honoured the Gods; whose sweetest pleasure it was, to do good to others. In the whole country there is not a shepherd who does not love and revere his memory, who does not relate with tears of affection, some instance of his generosity and virtue. For myself, I owe to him that I am the happiest of women, the wife of his son; tears started into her eyes as she spoke. My father died, and left his helpless widow

widow and her child, a prey to indigence and sorrow. We lived in the deepest retirement, supported by the labour of our own hands; industry and virtue were our only possessions. Two goats afforded us milk, and a little orchard supplied us with fruit. But not long did we enjoy this state of tranquillity; my mother died, and I was left comfortless and alone. But Mycon took me home to his cottage; he entrusted me with the care of his whole household, and was to me, more a father than a master. His son, the best and loveliest shepherd of the whole country, saw with partiality, my attentive industry, and earnest desire to deserve all the goodness his father lavished on me. He saw it, and loved me, and soon he disclosed to me his affection. The delight I felt at that moment, I dared not confess, even to my own heart! Oh Damon! I said, forget thy love; I am poor and destitute; and happy, Oh how happy, to be but a handmaid in thine house!—Thus I urged him continually, but he forgot not his love.

One morning while I was employed in the little enclosure before the cottage, in carding the wool of our flooks, Mycon came out to me,

me, and placed himself beside me in the sunshine. He looked at me steadfastly, a long time, with a benevolent smile; at length he said, Child, thy virtue, thy industry, thy whole conduct delights me: thou art the best of children, and if the Gods will permit me, I will make thee happy.—Can I, my best of masters, can I be happier than when I deserve thy praise? I replied, while tears of gratitude and affection bedewed my cheeks. Child, said he, I wish to honor the memory of thy father and mother; and to see in my old age, my son and thee happy. He loves thee; tell me, tell me sincerely, can his love make thee happy?—My work fell from my hands; trembling and blushing, I stood before him. He took my hand;—Tell me, said he, can my son's love make thee happy? I fell at his feet, and pressed in silent rapture his hand to my lips and cheek:—from that hour, I have been the happiest of women:—she paused, and wiped her eyes. Such was the man whose ashes rests here, she continued, you will perhaps desire to know on what occasion he planted these trees, and led hither this stream: I will inform you.

Towards the conclusion of his life, he often seated

seated himself here by the pathway, and greeted kindly the passing traveller, and offered food and refreshment to the poor and weary. If I were to plant fruit-trees here, and lead under their shade a cool and chrystal stream, here where there is neither shade nor fountain near, they might, when I am no more, refresh the weary traveller who faints under the heat of the sun. He said, and conducted hither one of his purest streams, and planted trees around it, whose fruits ripen at different seasons of the year. When the work was compleated, he repaired to the temple of Apollo, and offering sacrifices, he thus prayed. Grant that the trees I have planted may flourish, God of Delos! so may the virtuous man, as he passes to thy temple, refresh himself under their shade.

Apollo listened graciously to his prayer. The following morning he awoke early, and looked from his window towards the path-way; he saw with amazement in the place where he had planted the young suckers, a forest of full-grown trees. What do I see, ye Gods, cried he; my children, tell me, do I not dream? instead of the saplings I planted but yesterday,

I see a forest of lofty trees. Transported with holy admiration we hastened to the place. We beheld the trees in full-grown beauty; their strong arms spread around, or were bowed down to the flowery turf by the rich weight of ripe fruits. Oh wonderful! exclaimed the gray-haired Mycon, shall I, even in the winter of my days walk under this shade?—And he rendered thanks and sacrifices to the God, who has thus bounteously granted even more than he petitioned.

But alas! not long did Mycon enjoy these shades: he died, and we entombed him here; that those who rest beneath these trees, may bless with gratitude the ashes of their benefactor.

She was silent: touched with veneration and gratitude, we blessed the ashes of the virtuous man.

Sweetly, said I, has this stream, and sweetly this shade refreshed us; but still more pleasing to us is the tale thou hast so kindly related.

Farewell

Farewell ! may the Gods preserve thee.

We said, and full of pleasing and virtuous emotions, we pursued our way to the temple of Apollo.

ERYTHIA.

ERYTHIA.

TITYRUS, AMYNTAS.

Tityrus.

LET us go into the stream; the water will cool our feet, and the slender aspens and willows, arching, spread a shadow over us.

Amyntas. Willingly; subdued by this scorching heat, every thing languishes for coolness and repose.

Tityrus. Let us go to the place where the stream rushes headlong over the rock; it is shady and cool there; refreshing and delightful as bathing by moon-light in the cold waters.

Amyntas. Hark! I hear already the rushing of the falling stream: every creature appears to seek for happiness and refreshment in this shade.—What a murmur! what a buzzing —what a chirping! what a various and delightful

lightful tumult whispers through this foliage. thou little swallow! wilt thou shew us the way? See how blithe it hops before us from stone to stone. Ah! see, what a bright sunbeam pours through the hollow trunk of that old willow, whose boughs are entwined by the clasping ivy and the honey-suckle. Dost thou mark that young kid asleep in the cavity?—How slily he has chosen out that delightful retreat for himself!

Tityrus. Thou remarkest every thing, except that we are arrived at the spot we intended to rest in.

Amyntas. Oh Pan! what a delightful place is this.

Tityrus. The rushing sheet of water, like a silvery tapestry, gently waved by the winds, covers the arched entrance of the cave, and the tangling briars and shrubs crown it with their clustering foliage. Come, let us pass behind the water-fall, and enter the grotto.

Amyntas. Ah! I shudder as the delightful chillness steals over me! See how the stream

dashes foaming at our feet, while, as it glitters in the sun-beams, every falling drop appears a spark of fire.

Tityrus. Let us seat ourselves on that mossy rock; our feet may then rest unwet on the stones that stand out of the water; here let us sit, while the stream, rushing over the entrance, encloses us in this delightful grot.

Amyntas. Never did I see so beautiful a place.

Tityrus. Beautiful indeed: it is consecrated to Pan; the shepherds avoid it at noon, for then they believe he delights to rest here. There is a tradition belonging to this stream; if thou wilt, I will sing it to thee.

Amyntas. Oh! sing it; we repose so comfortably here: reclined on this pillow of moss, and leaning against this rocky wall, I can listen with pleasure to thy song.

Tityrus. Fair, thou daughter of Eridanus! fairer than any of Diana's train, wert thou, Oh! Erythia. Thy opening beauty was its earliest bloom; thy slender graceful form,

form, scarce yet matured from infancy: pure innocence and virtue glowed on thy fair face, and modesty beamed from thy blue sparkling eye. Thy youthful bosom as yet but gently swelling, gave promise of all the beauty of thy maturer age.

Erythia had chaced the mountain-deer with her sister nymphs during the noon-tide heat, and languid and faint with fatigue, she sought the neighbouring streamlet to quench her thirst. She poured the sparkling drops over her fair face and hands, and sipped with rosy lips the refreshing draught. As thus employed, she bent over the stream, Pan watched her, hidden in a neighbouring thicket, and sudden love inflamed his breast. Unmarked he stole towards her, till the rustling of the shrubs behind her betrayed him: startled and alarmed, she sprang forward, and escaped his nervous arms that trembled with desire: already she felt their warmth as they were extended to clasp her; a rose leaf would have filled up the space between them and her waist. She bounded over the stream; she was light as the mountain-roe, and fear made her as swift. He pursued her as she fled over the plain,

like a swift wind that scarce bends the tops of the tender grass. But suddenly she paused, transfixed with horror; she stood upon the utmost verge of a precipice; she started and hesitated—and pale, and trembling, she contemplated the deep abyss below. "Oh Diana!" she exclaimed, in accents of despair, "protectress of chastity, save thy votary; let not an unchaste arm press this bosom devoted to thy law; save, Oh save me!"—But the God was already close behind her; already she felt his fanning breath divide her hair; already his nervous arms encircled her waist. But the chaste Goddess, foe to lawless love, had listened to Erythia's ardent prayer, and as he clasped her to his panting breast, changed to a crystal stream, she eluded his embrace; the limpid current rolled over his rugged form, as the spring-snow distils from the dark mountain's brow; now trickling over his bosom and his arms, it meandered amid the flowery grass, and at length precipitating itself over the rocky height, it wandered murmuring through the vale below.

And such was the origin of Erythia, the pure stream.

PALEMON.

PALEMON.

HOW lovely shine the beams of morning through the hazle-bushes and wild-roses that overshade my window! How gaily sings the swallow on the eaves of my cot, and the little lark, lost in the high air. All is gay and joyful, and every plant appears refreshed, renewed by the dew. Even I feel refreshed: my staff shall support my aged limbs to the threshold of my cot: there will I place myself to meet the rising sun, and overlook the green meadows.

How beautiful is all around! Every sound I hear breathes gratitude and joy. The birds in the pure air, and the shepherds in the pasture, sing their rapture: the lowing herds express their joy from the grassy hills and dewy vales. How much longer, ye Gods! shall I live to witness your goodness? Ninety times already have I seen the changing seasons; and when I look back from the present to the hour of my birth—a wide and lovely prospect, that towards

towards the end, loses itself insensibly, and mixes with the pure air—Oh! how my heart expands with gratitude!

This rapture, this sensation, that my tongue cannot give utterance to, these tears of joy, ye Gods! are they not too faint expressions of my gratitude to you? Ah! flow ye tears of rapture, flow down my cheeks! When I look back on my past days, it appears as if I had lived a long spring: my transient hours of trouble, were like summer storms, that refresh the fields and plants: no fatal distemper ever thinned our fold: no blight destroyed our fruits, nor sorrow or sickness ever lingered long beneath our roof.

With rapture I looked forward to the future, while my children played around my knees, or my hand supported the lisping infant in its first attempts to walk: with tears of joy I looked forward to the future, when I saw them shoot up like young plants around me: I will watch over them with the tenderest anxiety, I will guard them from all harm, said I, and the Gods will reward my cares: they will grow up and prosper, and be as young

young trees, whose protecting shade shall be the solace of my age. The apple and pear-trees, and the high walnut-trees that I planted round my hut, grew with my children, and now their lofty branches spread a refreshing shade over the little dwelling.

My first, my greatest sorrow, Oh Mirta! was to lose thee; to see thee expire in my trembling arms: twelve times already has returning spring decked thy grave with flowers: but the day approaches, a joyful day, when my ashes shall rest by thine: the approaching night may perhaps unite me to thee for ever. Oh! I look with pleasure on my grey beard, as snowy white it descends on my breast. Yes—sport with my silver locks, thou little zephyr that frolickest around me; they are as worthy of thy caresses as the golden hair of the gay youth, or the silken tresses that wave round the neck of the blooming maid.

This day shall be a day of joy to me; I will collect my children, and my children's children in this place, and offer sacrifice to the Gods. I will crown my furrowed temples with flowers; my weak hand shall strike the lyre,

lyre, and I and my children will sing praises before the altar of our Gods. I will deck our table with flowers, and with joy and gratitude we will eat of the sacrificed offering.

So spoke Palemon; and trembling he arose, supported by his staff, to call his children to the joyful festival.

THE

THE CARNATION.

A PLAT of carnations grows near the sweet-briar hedge in Daphne's garden; as she was walking there, she perceived one of its beautiful crimson-striped blossoms newly blown: she approached it, and bending her fair face over the flower, inhaled its sweet perfume, while the flower waved itself as if to kiss her rosy lips.

Warm blushes mounted to my cheeks, Oh! thought I, might I but touch those sweet lips. Daphne left the spot, and I approached the flower. Shall I, said I, shall I pluck the carnation which her lips have touched? its perfume would be more refreshing to me than dew to the flowers. I eagerly stretched out my hand to seize it: but no! said I, recollecting myself, I will not deprive her of the flower she loves: Daphne will place it on her bosom, and its fragrance will exhale around her,

her, sweet as the perfumes which ascend Olympus, when sacrifices are offered to the Goddess of beauty.

THE

THE MONUMENTS.

DAPHNIS and MYCON.

Daphnis.

SEE, the goat is wading yonder into the marsh, and the sheep follow him: unwholesome weeds grow there among the slime, and reptiles swarm in the stagnant water. Let us drive them away.

Mycon. Simple animals! Trefoil, and rosemary, and thyme, grow on this bank, and every bough is entwined with ivy; yet they have quitted it, and prefer that infectious marsh: but we ourselves act sometimes as they do, we pass by what is good, and fix upon what is hurtful for us.

Daphnis. See! the frogs leap about them, as they wade among the rushes: away, simpletons! away to the grassy bank. How they have sullied their white fleeces!

Mycon.

Mycon. So: now ye are in the right place: here ye may feed at liberty. But tell me, Daphnis, do I not see marble columns lying amid the marsh? The noxious weeds, and rank sedge wave over them. Yonder is a mouldering arch, completely overgrown with ivy: and thorns, and brambles, shoot from the crevices that time has made in it.

Daphnis. It was a monument.

Mycon. Oh yes! now I perceive the urn lying among the sedge: the figures engraven on it, seem to rise from its sides: I see upon it fierce warriors, and furious steeds, who trample on the bodies of wounded men, stretched in the dust beneath. He never can have been a shepherd, whose ashes are enclosed amid such horrid images: nor can he have been beloved by the neighbourhood around, whose monument is suffered thus to decay. Posterity has paid but little honor to his memory, and few flowers have been strewed on the place of his rest.

Daphnis. He was a monster: he laid waste fertile fields, and made slaves of freemen. The horses

horses of his warriors trampled down the springing corn: he strewed the desolate fields with the dead bodies of our forefathers. As a raging wolf attacks a defenceless flock; so he with his armed troops fell upon the innocent, who had never offended him. He gloried in his monstrous wickedness; he revelled in marble palaces, and himself erected this splendid memorial of his iniquity.

Mycon. Gods! he was indeed a monster: and what wretched folly! to erect a monument, that must to the latest ages perpetuate the remembrance of his crimes, and remind every one as they pass over this spot to curse his memory! His monument is now in ruins: his ashes are now blended with the filth of the marsh, and reptiles and toads breed now in the empty urn. It is ridiculous to see a frog sitting on the helmet of the mighty hero, or a snail crawling over his threatening sword.

Daphnis. What remains now of his guilty greatness? nothing, but the painful remembrance of his crimes; while the furies torment his wretched shade.

Mycon.

Mycon. And no one, no one breathes a prayer for him! Gods! how wretched is he who has thus stained himself with guilt. Even after his death, his memory is held in abhorrence. No, if I could with one crime purchase the dominion of the whole earth, I would refuse it, and prefer rather to possess only two goats with the blessed consciousness of innocence. One of them I would sacrifice to the Gods, as an offering of gratitude to them, for having made me happy. He who has committed a crime, could not enjoy peace, though he possessed the whole world.

Daphnis. Let us leave this place, which presents only the most gloomy images. Come with me; I will show thee a more pleasing monument, that of a virtuous man; of my father. Do thou, Alexis! in the mean time tend our flocks.

Mycon. I will go with thee with pleasure to pay a tribute to the memory of thy father, whose virtues are beloved and revered by the whole neighbourhood.

Daphnis. Here friend; the foot-path through

through this meadow will lead us to the spot; we are to pass by that hop-crowned image of the God Terminus.

They pursued their way; to the left of the narrow path-way lay a meadow, whose luxuriant grass rose up as high as the waist; and on the right, was a corn field, whose ripe and yellow ears waved above their heads. The path led to a peaceful spot shaded by beautiful fruit-trees, which surrounded a neat and convenient cottage. Beneath this delightful shade, Daphnis placed a little table, and set upon it a basket of fresh fruits, and a flaggon of the coolest wine.

Mycon. Tell me, Daphnis, where is the monument of thy father, that I may pour the first cup of this wine, as a libation to his virtuous spirit?

Daphnis. Here, friend! pour it beneath this peaceful shade. All that thou see'st around thee, is the monument of his virtues. This ground was desolate and uncultivated; his industry tilled these fields, and his hand planted the fruit-trees whose branches overshadow

shadow us. We, his children, and our latest posterity, shall bless his memory;—and the blessings of those who are relieved by our affluence, shall descend on his ashes. For prosperity rests on these fields and these meadows, and peace descends with this sacred shade upon us.

Mycon. Benevolent man! I pour this libation to thy memory. That is indeed a monument worthy of thy virtues, which affords subsistence and comfort to thy deserving posterity, and continues even after thy death, thy power of relieving and assisting thy fellow-creatures.

THE

AUTUMNAL LANDSCAPE.

TITYRUS and MELIBŒUS.

THE silver-haired Melibœus reclined on the brow of a little hill, in the mild sun-beams, lost in pleasing yet pensive musing, as he gazed upon the autumnal prospect beneath him. His youngest son, Tityrus, had stood some time unremarked beside him; he had listened to the old man's sighs of pleasure, and hung over him with affectionate delight. Father! at last he said in gentle accents, how sweet must be thy reflections! I have long been considering thee, while thy eyes wandered over the autumnal landscape; I have heard thy sighs of pleasure: Father! grant me one request?

Melibœus. Name thy request, my beloved child! and seat thyself beside me, that I may kiss thee.

Tityrus placed himself by his father, and the old man kissed tenderly his son's cheek. Father, continued the youth, my eldest brother has told me—(for often while we sit by our flocks in the shade, we talk of thee till the tears, tears of joy bedew our cheeks)—he has told me, that once the whole hamlet acknowledged thee as the best singer belonging to it, and that thou hast won many prizes in the trials of song. Oh! wouldst thou now sing me a song? now when the landscape beneath us appears to have delighted thee so much. Grant me, father! grant me this request.

Melibœus answered him smiling, I will try if the muses still love me, who have so often assisted me to win the prize; I will sing thee a song. His eyes glanced once more on the scene beneath him, and he began—

Hear me, ye muses! hear my powerless voice: in the spring of my days ye have been ever propitious to me, by the rushing stream, and in the shadowy thicket. Oh! once more attend my call, and in my feeble age let me succeed in this song.

What

What a soft rapture flows over my soul as I contemplate thee, thou autumnal scene! how gayly decked is the expiring year!—Yellow are the poplars and the willows that droop over the stream; yellow are the apple and pear-trees that are planted on the russet hills, and the green turf.

The autumnal hedge is variegated like the meadow in spring, when it is enamelled with flowers. A red russet hue extends over the hill and the valley, relieved only by the dark evergreen firs and fig-trees. The yellow leaves already rustle under the feet of the traveller; and the cattle wander, earnestly gazing on the withered grass, in which no floweret blooms, save the red daisy, the lonely messenger of winter.

Now comes the repose of winter, ye trees! ye have afforded us ripe fruit, and refreshed the shepherd and the flock with your protecting shade: Oh! may none descend to the quiet slumber of the grave, without having like you, borne sweet fruit, and afforded a protecting shade to all who needed it. My son, a blessing rests upon the hut of the virtuous man,

and upon his fields. When he offers sacrifice, the fragrant incense ascends Olympus, and the Gods listen graciously to his prayers and supplications. The owl sings not to him of sorrow and misfortune; nor does the melancholy croaking night-raven disturb his slumbers. He dwells secure beneath his peaceful roof: the friendly household Gods observe his benevolent actions, they listen to his mild conversation, and bless him.

Some troubled days, indeed, deform the spring, and some stormy clouds overshade the bright summer sky: murmur not, therefore, my son, if Jove, in thy span of life, should include some hours of sorrow. Forget not my precepts, my child! I go before thee to the grave.

Oh! spare, ye rude winds, spare the bright ornaments of autumn: let soft gales gently playing, rob slowly the dying leaves from the trees: and let me longer gaze on the beauties of the variegated landscape. Perhaps when thou returnest, fair autumn!—perhaps I shall see thee no more! Oh! which of these trees

trees shall strew its withering foliage o'er my peaceful grave?

So sung the old man; and Tityrus pressing his father's hand to his lips, bedewed it with his tears.

THE

THE VOYAGE.

SWIFT from my sight retires the less'ning vessel,
That bears my Delia from these shores away;
May loves on rosy pinions hover o'er her,
And mildest, gentlest zephyrs round her play!

Ye waves! break soft against the gliding vessel,
Beneath her musing eye, Oh! gently move;
Lest aught of noise recall her wandering fancy,
And chase the thought that dwells on me, and love.

Ye birds, that haunt the shore's sequestered bowers,
For Delia pour your sweetest, tenderest lay!

Breathe

Breathe soft, ye dying gales! ye shrubs, ye flowers,
Oh! bow your fragile heads, and court her stay!

Calm and unruffled be thy surface, ocean!
Each wave at peace, and hushed each boisterous wind;
Oh! never to thy restless, trembling motion,
Was nymph so sweet, so wonderous fair, consigned.

Oh! not more pure upon thy crystal mirror,
The golden sun's bright orb resplendent glows:
Oh! not more beauteous, thro' thy foam-white billows,
Thy Goddess-daughter first transcendant rose.

When with soft grace she steered her pearly chariot,
While the charmed sea-gods gazed entranced around;
Hushed their rude sports, and calmed their dashing waters,
Nor marked their blue-eyed nymphs with sedges crowned.

They

They marked not eyes where jealous passion
glistened,
They saw not lips where played the smiles of
scorn:
Their ardent gaze pursued the beauteous
Goddess,
Till the rude shore concealed her lovely form.

THE

THE

WOODEN LEG.

A SWISS IDYL.

UPON the mountains from whence the Rautisbach rushes headlong into the valley, a young shepherd fed his flocks: his pipe called on the seven-fold echoes of the rocky cliffs to repeat its soft tones, or made the vallies resound with its merry notes. As once he sat upon the mountain's brow, he perceived an old man slowly ascending its side. His tresses were silver white; he walked feebly, and bent over his staff, for one of his legs were of wood. At length he reached the young shepherd, and seated himself on the cliff beside him. The youth looked on him with astonishment, and gazed on his wooden leg as it lay stretched before him on the grass.

Child! said the old man with a smile, Perhaps thou think'st that with such a leg as this, I might as well have remained in the valley.

valley. Yet I ascend this mountain once every year. This wooden leg, miserable as it appears, is more honorable to me, than two sound ones are often to others.

More honorable, it may be, father, said the youth, yet I think it can scarce be so useful. But you are fatigued, shall I bring you a cool draught from the spring that trickles down the rock?

The old man. Thou art a good youth; a draught of cold water will refresh me. Go, and fetch it, and then I will relate to thee the history of my wooden leg.

The young shepherd ran, and returned with a fresh draught from the stream, and after the old man had drank it, he said, Ye may bless the Gods, and return thanks to your parents, young man, when you see them marked with scars, or maimed as I am; for to their courage, do you owe your present blessings: but for that, you might have hid your heads in shame, instead of thus chearfully meeting the eye of day, and calling on the mountain echoes, to repeat your merry notes.

Mirth

Mirth and joy resounds now through these vallies, and hill to hill repeats your chearful songs. Liberty, liberty blesses the happy land. Whatever our eyes behold of hill or valley, is our own: with alacrity we raise the hut, or sow the grain, for the plains we inhabit are our own; and in joy we reap the produce of our toil.

The shepherd. He does not deserve the blessings of freedom, who can forget with how much blood his forefathers have purchased them.

The old man. No my son! and who would not defend them with the same bravery that they did.

Since * that bloody day, I once every year ascend this mountain: I feel but too plainly, that this is the last time I shall visit it. From this rock I can discern the whole order of the battle,

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* The Battle of Nafels, in the Canton of Glaris, fought 1388. see a minute and interesting account of it in Planta's History of the Helvetic Confederacy. Vol. 1. Chap. x. page 310.

battle, in which our liberty was won. See, from that side the foe advanced: many thousand spears glittered yonder in the sun, and full two hundred horsemen, in warlike pride. Their dark plumes waved over their polished helms, and the earth trembled under their horses hoofs. At one time, our little army was nearly scattered; lamentations resounded through the air, and the smoke of Nafels in flames, filled the valley, and rested in heavy volumes on the mountains: when suddenly our leader, rallying his scattered forces, appeared with a small body of them, at the foot of that hill: he placed himself exactly there, where the two silvery pines bend over the rock. I think I see him as he stood in valiant pride, and cheared his scattered soldiers with his voice; I see him wave his floating banner on high, which rustled through the air, like the blast that precedes a hurricane. His soldiers flew from all sides to him. Dost thou see those torrents which rush down the mountain? stones, rocks and trees in vain oppose their course, they overleap or overturn them, in their headlong way, and at length meet and collect into the lake below. Thus our scattered troops hastened to their leader's standard; thus

thus they forced their way through the enemy's ranks, and pressing round their hero, they swore a solemn oath, to conquer, or to die in the attempt. In embattled order, the enemy now pressed upon us: eleven times had we attacked them, and at length were obliged to retreat to the shelter of the protecting mountain: there we stood ranged in the closest order; firm and impenetrable, as the rock behind us. At length reinforced by thirty valiant Swiss, we fell with renewed courage on the enemy: as some huge fragment of a rock or mountain descends upon the forest, and with a tremendous crash breaks down the lofty trees that oppose its way. The enemy fled on all sides; horse and foot pressed with horrible disorder on each other, as they sought to escape our rage: we followed, in all the fury of pursuit, and trampled over the dying and the dead, to spread destruction further. I was amongst the foremost, when in the tumult, an enemy struck me to the ground, and his horse trampling on my leg, I remained immoveable. A soldier who fought beside me, looked back, and seeing my situation, took me in his arms, and bore me from amidst the slaughter. A holy father was offering up his orisons for our success,

success, on a rock at a little distance. Take care of him, said my deliverer, laying me beside him; he has fought like a man. He said, and ran back into the battle. The victory was ours! my child, it was ours!

But many of our friends lay stretched amidst the heaps of the enemy; like weary labourers, who repose on the sheaves their hands have reaped. I was carefully attended, and was cured. But I never knew my deliverer, never was able to thank him for the life he had preserved. In vain have I sought him, in vain made vows and pilgrimages that some saint or angel might discover him to me; Alas! now, I shall never thank him in this world!

The young shepherd had listened to him with tears in his eyes: Alas, father! no, thou wilt never thank him in this world. The old man exclaimed with astonishment, what dost thou say? did'st thou know my benefactor?

The shepherd. I am much deceived, or he was my father. I have often heard him relate the history of that battle, and say, I wonder if

if that man lives who fought so bravely by my side, and whom I carried from the field.

The old man. O! all ye saints! and was that generous man really thy father?

The shepherd. He had a scar here, (*pointing to his left cheek*) he had been wounded by a spear; perhaps before he bore thee from the battle.

The old man. His cheek was bleeding when he carried me off. Oh! my child! my son! (*embracing him*)

The shepherd. He died two years ago; and as he was poor, I am obliged to earn a scanty subsistence by feeding these flocks.

The old man. God be thanked! I can in some slight degree requite his benevolence. Come my son; leave to another the care of thy flock, and follow me to my dwelling.

They descended into the valley, and soon reached the cottage of the old man. He was rich

rich in flocks and herds, and one beautiful daughter was his only heir.

Child! said he to her, the man who saved my life was the father of this youth. If thou can'st love him, I should rejoice in your union. The youth was fair; his yellow hair curled over his rosy cheeks, and candour and modesty beamed from his dark sparkling eyes. With bashful timidity the maiden required three days to consider her father's proposal: but the third appeared a very long one to her. She gave the youth her hand. The old man shed tears of joy. My blessing rest upon ye, my children, said he, now, now indeed I am truly happy.

END OF THE IDYLS.

MISCELLANIES.

THE

FIXED RESOLUTION.

WHITHER are my wounded feet wandering through thorns and dark entangled thickets? Heavens! what a pleasing awe overpowers me! the red barks of the fig-trees, and the slender branches of the oak, ascend above the wild thicket, and spread a dark and shadowy arch over me. What a gloom, what a melancholy descends with their dusky shade upon me! Here will I seat myself, at the foot of this hollow, moss-covered oak, entwined with a green net of ivy: here, where no human foot has ever trod, and none shall find me, save the lonely bird, or the humming bee, who collects honey from the neighbouring bough; or some zephyr, that born in the

wilderness, has never yet fluttered on a human breast.

Or, thou, murmuring stream! whither art thou wandering over the bare and ragged roots, and through the thick interwoven foliage of the thicket?—I will follow thy course; perhaps thou wilt lead me to some more solitary spot.

Heavens! what a prospect spreads before me! I stand on the edge of a precipice, and look down on the vale beneath: here will I seat myself, on this jutting crag, and listen to the wild roar of the waters, that foam over the cliffs, and precipitate themselves into the fir-wood below. The dark foliage hangs over the brow of the rock, like the wild tresses that waved on the forehead of Timon, the misanthrope, whose lips no maiden had ever pressed. I will descend this rocky height, and wander on the borders of the stream that steals slowly through the vale beneath. Welcome! thou gloomy vale, thou stream, and thou dark forest! here on thy shores, Oh stream! will I wander, and rest in hermit solitude beneath thy shades. Farewell, Oh Cupid! thy darts can no longer reach me: I will

will renounce love for ever, and study wisdom amid these solitary wilds. Farewell! thou dark-eyed nymph, whose lightning-glance pierced my unwary heart! Farewell! It was but yesterday that I saw thee, sporting in thy white summer garments around me, like the waves that dance here in the sun-beams. And thou, fair-haired maiden! adieu! Thy languishing glance, Alas! too deeply is it impressed on my heart: and thy snowy bosom—Ah! I fear too often will thy beauty be the subject of my lonely musings: I shall see thy loved image, and sigh!—Farewell to thee too, Melinda! majestic as Pallas in beauty and in gait. And farewell to thee, little Chloe! who wert wont to dance so gaily around me, and yield me so freely thy kisses!—To love, to all farewell! I will dwell for ever in this solitude, and reclined under this gloomy shade, I will defy Cupid and all his wiles. I will wander among these dark thickets, and—But soft!—what trace is this I perceive in the sand?—I tremble: Ah! 'tis the foot-step of a maiden: how small, how beautiful must that foot have been!—Ye melancholy resolutions, where are ye now? I will follow it: sweet maiden! I hasten, I follow thy steps. Oh! if I can but

overtake thee, I will press thee in my arms: fly not, my love, I will say: or fly only as the rose flies, when the zephyr caresses her: she bends her blushing face away from him, but returns, smiling to meet his kisses.

CONTEMPLATIONS

CONTEMPLATIONS

AMONG THE GRASS.

YE dark towering pines! that rear high your unbending heads, and spread with your shade a solemn gloom around; ye lofty oaks, and thou stream, that pour'st thy silvery brightness o'er the grey mountain's brow—not now will I celebrate your charms: I will look down on the turf that surrounds me; I will contemplate this wonderful world in miniature, replete with unnumbered beauties, with innumerable species of plants, with millions of different inhabitants, that fly from flower to flower, or wander among the mazes of the grass. Endlessly diversified in form and beauty, each little individual finds here all that is necessary for its subsistence and its pleasures: fellow-citizens of this earth, each one is in its kind, perfect and good.

How

How softly dost thou murmur, little stream! as thou passest among the water-cresses, and the brook-lime, that spreads its blue starry flowerets o'er thy waves. Thou encirclest every one of its stems with a glittering ring, and shakest its tender blossoms as thou passest by: from either bank the luxuriant grass, mixed with flowers, bends over thy tide: thy crystal waters flow under the variegated arch, and reflect its beauteous hues.

I will look down into this little thicket of waving grass: how beautifully show the various tints of green, as I turn them to the sun! The tender herbs spread their foliage unseen among the thick grass, or piercing through its mazes, rear their fragile flowers to the light. But thou, purple violet! emblem of modest wisdom, hidest thy beauteous head deep in the bosom of the leaves, and spread'st unseen, thy soft perfume around; while thy scentless sister blooms on every bank, and unfolds her azure blossoms to every passing gale.

A variegated tribe of insects pursue each other among the grass: my eye soon lose them in the green shade: now they sport again

in

in the sunshine; they fly in swarms around, and dance glittering in the noon-tide air.

What variegated flower bends yonder over the stream, decked with such bright, such brilliant tints? Ah! pleasing deception! 'tis a butterfly, that has just taken flight, and left the slender blade, still trembling with its light pressure. What a beautiful insect flies past me, armed with black scales, and decked with red glittering wings! See, he perches (perhaps to seek his mate) on yonder thistle. Flow gently, thou murmuring stream! ye zephyrs, wave not the grass or the flowers, methought I heard the sound of softest music. Yes, they sing, though our ears are too dull to catch their soft tones; as our eyes are too imperfect to perceive all the minute beauties of their formation.

What pleasing murmur spreads around me, what gale bows the heads of the flowers? 'Tis a swarm of bees who have just alighted: they issued joyfully from their distant habitation, and have dispersed over the meadows and gardens, to collect the honeyed treasure, and bear it to their waxen cells. They fly from plant

plant to plant, and conceal their little hairy heads in the cups of the blossoms: or win their way into the still unopened buds: the flower-bell closes, and conceals the little robber, who deprives her of the treasure she would have first unfolded to-morrow, to the bright sun-beams, and the sparkling dew.

Yonder is a butterfly perched on that high clover-blossom. He waves his variegated wings of glittering silver, spotted with purple, and surrounded by an edge of gold, which is blended insensibly with a tint of green. There he sits in the pride of his beauty, and shakes the tiny plume of silvery feathers, that decks his little head. Bend the flower over the stream, and contemplate thy beautiful image. Then shalt thou resemble the fair Belinda, who forgets, as she gazes on her mirror, that she should be something better than a butterfly: her robes are not so brilliant as thy wings; but she is vain and thoughtless as thou.

What wild sport are ye beginning, little zephyrs? They flutter tumultuously through the grass, and bow the murmuring blades, as

a sudden gale drives before it the waves of the lake. The little winged inhabitants arise from their haunts, and look down on the confusion. Now it is passed; the zephyrs slumber again, and the slow-waving grass and flowers invite the insects once more to repose beneath their shade.

But where, Oh! where shall I now hide me? Conceal me ye flowers! The young Hyacinthus approaches: decked in embroidered cloaths, he hastens whistling over the humble turf: in vain may nature smile on him; she is too old a beauty to win his attentions: he hastens to the card table; for the party assembled around it, his dress will have more charms than all the beauties of a glowing sun-set. How would he laugh, were he to perceive me stretched here among the insects on the turf! But forgive me, Hyacinthus! if I gaze not with admiration on the splendour of your dress, for here, upon this blade of grass, is an insect clad in green and gold, and decked with all the bright and changeable tints of the rain-bow. Forgive me, and forgive nature, Hyacinthus! who has bestowed upon a fly a more

more splendid appearance, than art or industry can prepare for you.

Oh! how fair art thou, Nature! how beautiful in thy smallest works. What bliss does he resign who lives neglectful of thy charms, whose heart, corrupted by stormy passions, and false joys, is incapable of tasting thy pure pleasures. Happy he, whose calm mind, unclouded by remorse or care, is open to every impression of thy beauty. The scenes through which another of less sensibility passes regardless, are replete for him with pleasures. For him nature unfolds all her charms: his senses find continual and inexhaustible sources of innocent delight in every step he takes, in every shade under which he reposes: rapture springs for him, from the murmuring stream; it diffuses itself with the perfumes of the flowers, and whispers among the gently waving trees. No disgust, no satiety destroys the continually new pleasure which the contemplation of the beauties of nature affords: beauties even in her smallest works, inexpressibly admirable; inexpressibly excellent, and well-fitted throughout all their several connexions, for the purposes

poses for which their great author designed them.

Happy, Oh! happy he, who derives his pleasures from this sacred, this inexhaustible source! his mind is calm and serene, as the first mild mornings of spring: his thoughts are pure as the perfumes which light-winged zephyrs fan around him!

TO

TO CHLOE.

DOST thou remember, my Chloe, yesterday, when a rose-leaf floated through the air, and a delicious perfume was diffused around us?—I will tell thee what I saw then, which thou couldst not perceive. While I sat by thy side, and my arms enfolded thee, and my ardent glances and my sighs spoke the passion my tongue could not express—I saw, (for much is given to the poet's eye) I saw a little Cupid in the rose-leaf. He sat in his tiny car, like Neptune in his shelly chariot; and zephyrs, smaller than bees, drew him along. The little God was charming as one of thy glances, and lovely as thy smile. He guided the chariot exactly over thy bosom, and paused there, while the zephyrs hid themselves beneath the waving shade which thy nosegay threw on thy breast. The little God descended from his car, and reclined himself in voluptuous repose on thy bosom. Powerful God of love! sighed I softly to him, mightiest of the deities, hear, Oh! hear my prayer. No mortal

mortal has more deeply felt thy power than I. Reward my sufferings, my solicitude, and grant, Oh grant, that the affection which now beams in my lovely Chloe's eyes, may never, never be extinguished in her heart. Alas! how easy were it for her to be faithless to me: every heart owns the influence of her charms. Hear, Oh! hear my supplication, mightiest of the Gods.

Cupid, leaning one arm on thy snowy neck, and in his right hand rearing his victorious bow; thus spoke, (unheard, except by me.)

The Graces invisibly nursed thy Chloe, and the love-gods assisted to perfect her charms. Her glance, and her smiles are potent as myself; and her playful wiles, irresistible as the darts of my quiver. Whoever hears her is enraptured: whoever sees her is enamoured. She loves thee; she has chosen thee from among all other mortals: and she shall ever love thee. I swear it by my victorious arrows. She who unites in herself all the charms that are divided among the nymphs, who grace

grace the train of Venus. Hail to thee! happiest of mortals!

Thus spoke Cupid, and descending thy snowy bosom, he mounted his rosy car. I am hastening now to Gnidus, said he; the statue of thy Chloe, formed of the purest marble, shall stand there, near the image of my mother. It shall be an emblem of virtuous love, and whoever feeds in his bosom a pure and constant flame, shall sacrifice flowers on her altar.

The rose-leaf now sailed again through the air.—Thou saw'st my rapture and surprize: but I could not describe to thee my happiness: I could only press thee to my bosom, and sigh.

MORNING

MORNING SONG.

WELCOME, ye early beams of morn! welcome thou new-born day. Thy bright rays pierce through the wood on the hill; they glance upon the water-fall, and are reflected by the sparkling dew-drops that hang from every bough: gladness and joy return with thy beams.

The zephyr, who slumbered in the lily's bell, forsakes his perfumed couch; he flutters over the flowers, and shakes their fragile heads, to awaken his brethren who still sleep.

The vain motley tribe of dreams fly now from every brow: like Cupids they still hover over the couch of my Celia.

Haste, Zephyr! and rob each flower of its sweetest perfumes; fly, Oh! fly to my fair one, and wait her awaking.

Flutter round her couch, and awake her with

with thy frolic play; breathe soft upon her breast, and on her rosy cheek.

And when she opens her eyes, whisper softly to her, that before the grey twilight had yielded to the rosy beams of morning, in solitude I sighed by the water-fall, and repeated her name, and my love.

SONG

SONG OF A SWISS

*To his love, on her appearing in armour.**

(Translated literally)

MY beloved! can it be thee I behold? what unusual brightness dazzles my sight? what clear trembling lustre streams from thy polished helm?

Thy white and crimson plumes float on the air: thy brown tresses escape from thy helmet, and mingle with them in the gale.

A coat of mail covers thy slender form,

* When the Emperor Albert besieged Zurich, the wives and daughters of that city put on armour, and thus disguised, mingled among the troops: the Emperor, alarmed by the appearance of such a numerous army, withdrew from before the town.

and presses thy tender breast. Oh malicious armour! I can no longer discover her bosom's gently swelling motion.

But I see her delicate foot, which used before to be hidden from my sight, by the long robe's envious veil.

Thus, clad in glittering arms, my beloved, thou resemblest the beautiful angel who guarded the gates of Paradise.

He frowned only on the wicked; he looked with complacence on the virtuous: thus thy blue eye threatens the enemy, but beams love and sweetness on me.

O harmless may the dart of the foe-man pass over thee! and only the gentle arrow of Cupid wound thee!

TO

TO

THE WATER-FALL.

Is this my favorite haunt? this the loved bower,
Beneath whose balmy shade entranced I lay?
This the steep height from which the mountain-stream
Thro' tangling foliage wound its glittering way?

Alas! where once thy crystal current poured
O'er flowers and velvet moss its foaming tide,
In gloomy pomp an icy pillar stands,
And glitters, dazzling 'gainst the rock's tall side.

Silent and naked now the tufted bower,
Where once mild zephyrs thro' the foliage played;
Scattered the hawthorn's bloom in snowy shower,
Or whispered thro' the gently-waving shade:

While thro' the parting boughs, a transient beam
Shot sudden brightness thro' the dusky bowers;
Tipt with soft light the white wave's feathery foam,
And glanced on downy moss, and starry flowers.

Alas! how changed:—yet soon shall youthful spring
Breathe on thy buds, dissolve thy icy chains;
Again thy stream shall health and freshness pour,
Again shall flowers and verdure deck thy plains.

Receive me then beneath thy peaceful shade;
Hide me, where care shall never find me more:
Ye waters! lull me with your soothing sound;
Thou downy moss! my lost repose restore.

From the cool stream, and from the breezy hill,
From the dark grove, and from the peaceful vale,
When youthful spring breathes transport o'er my heart,
And each unfolding bud with soft delight I hail.

While thus I rest beside thy limpid stream,
And list the murmur of its dancing waves,
No prouder wish my artless bosom frames,
Nor other joy my humble spirit craves.

Thrice blest the poet, if his simple strain
Wake love's soft sigh, or beauty's ready tear;
The untaught praise of youth and childhood gain,
Or to a future age his humble name endear.

SPRING.

SPRING.

WHAT heavenly harmony soft breathing around, chased from my brow the shadowy dreams of morn?—I see, Oh heavenly transport! I see thee, smiling youth! I behold thee, lovely Spring! Aurora clad in purple robes leads thee to the east: gay joy, and frolic laughter, and the graces with their arms entwined, surround thee: and love himself attends thee; he smiles on the woods and meads as he meditates his future conquests, and wields his powerful bow, and shakes his quiver. Upon the bright rays of the morning thou descendest; the joyful birds bask in the roseate beam, and carol gay around thee. The young roses swell impatiently from their mossy buds: each seeks to be the first with open bosom and fragrant incense to greet thee. The frolic zephyrs announce thy coming: they fly from the hill to the valley, and flutter among the thickets and woods, and laugh, delighted as they pass over the place where they betrayed the coy listening

ing maid, hid in the shade, to her love-lorn swain; or disturbed the roundel dances of the nymphs with their wanton play. They flutter through the thickets and woods, and whisper thy coming to the nymphs and fauns in their caves. The cloven-footed satyrs start from their mossy beds; they call their merry nymphs with joyous shouts, and wake again their many-jointed reeds. The nymphs of the springs unlock their frost-bound urns: they pour their bubbling streams under the arching shade of the green boughs; or down the mossy hill, in many a lingering fall; or through the meadows; where the clear waves, at length collecting into a tranquil lake, reflect the pendant foliage and the flowers, or encircle the tender limbs of the bathing nymphs.

Come lovely Spring! come, author of our joy!—'Twas beneath spring's soft influence we revelled, my brothers! when our gliding vessel cleaved the smooth ocean: the silvery waves danced around us, and the zephyrs frolicked among them, and chased them from the boat, as wantonly they dashed against its sides. The sedgy shore echoed with our laughter

laughter and rejoicings. 'Twas then, my brethren, that ye crowned me your king with the variegated leaves of the vine, and mirth and rapture reigned among us.

And Spring smiled on us, my brothers! that day, when on yon lofty mountain's brow, we sat beneath the green bower's interwoven branches, and caroused, and carolled songs of joy. The wood-gods delighted, listened to our strains; and now they repeat them to the thickets and cliffs of the mountain, while they dance, or quaff the foaming bowl.

Hasten, sweet Spring! deck the meadows with flowers: breathe on the slumbering buds, and new-wreathe the woods and bowers. Bacchus and Silenus, with his jovial train, hasten with smiles to meet thee:—for where dwell sweet smiles and pleasures, if not beneath the green shade of the bower. Love often visits the God of wine under the cool shade: the muses, too, resort to him, for he loves the song.—Bacchus sings then, and quaffs, and laughs, till the vine-tendrils tremble that overshadow his brow. He relates over the flowing bowl,

bowl, his travels through the distant Indies; his conquests of the dusky nations: and how, in his childhood, he transformed the pirates into dolphins, and planted the vine and ivy round the masts of their ships, from whence poured the sweet foaming wine. Then emptying the bowl, he laughs as he relates the origin of the Rose.

I was pursuing a young nymph, says he, who fled with light step over the flowers, and smiled wantonly, as she looked behind her and beheld me attempting to overtake her with unsteady feet. By Styx! I should never have reached her, if a thorn-bush had not caught her flowing robe, and arrested her flight. I ran joyfully to her, and touching her glowing cheek; Fear not my fair! I said, be not so coy: I am Bacchus, the God of wine and of pleasure; the eternal youth. The nymph no longer opposed my kiss; and to reward the thorn-bush, I touched it with my thrysus: immediately roses sprang among its leaves, fragrant as my fair one's breath, and glowing as her modest blush.

Pan reclined on his mossy couch attentive to

to the song; and supporting his pine-crowned head on his hand, said, Thou wert more fortunate, Bacchus! than I, when I pursued my Syrinx. Oh! what a mortal wound didst thou give me then, continued he, to Cupid, (who laughed, delighted at the recollection.) She was changed into whispering reeds. He looked mournfully a moment at his pipe; and then seized the full bowl to drink down all care in wine. And Cupid too relates his conquests: he tells how he has humbled the coyest—Oh! how delighted shall I be, my love! when he sings a song of triumph over thee.

NIGHT.

NIGHT.

MILD night! how soft thy shades descended around me, as here I sat upon this mossy stone! I gazed on the sun as he sunk behind those dark hills, and smiled as he departed through the thin clouds, that like a golden veil hung over the landscape, and gilt the distant vine-yards, meadows, and thickets. All nature hushed in hallowed silence, reflected the crimson tints, that glowed in the streaked west. The birds chaunted their last songs, and sought in pairs their silent nests: the shepherd, accompanied by his tall shadow, blew on the pipe his evening song, as slowly he returned to his hut; while here I sunk in sweetest slumber.

Didst thou, Oh Philomel! awaken me with thy tender strain? or was it some wandering wood-god that disturbed me, or some nymph who stole with timid steps through the thicket?

Oh!

Oh! how sweet is the repose that breathes around: all nature slumbers: what rapture, what soft ectasy flows through my bosom!

My eyes wander through the dark thickets, and dwell on the light spots, where the moon, admitted through the thick arch of quivering leaves, gleams on the mossy trunk, on the waving grass, or on the trembling boughs that play amid the deep shade. Often do I recall my wandering glance, startled by some deception, which the half-distinguished form of some knotted oak, some sudden murmur among the thicket, or some dark shade, swiftly passing, offers to the fancy. Or I contemplate the little waves, that like drops of light, dance on the surface of the dark stream: as Cynthia, in her silver chariot, rides over the glittering summits of the trees, and guides with gentle hand her harnessed dragons, who win their easy way on soft rustling wings.

How sweetly do ye breathe your fragrance around me, ye flowers! and thou violet! that openest thy bosom, and spread'st thy balmy perfumes, only to the gales of night! Invisible, and all your variegated charms concealed, your

your fragrance alone betrays you to the delighted sense. Ye nurse in your soft laps the slumbering zephyrs, that weary with their wanton sports, delight to repose amid your sweets, and to awake surrounded by the balmy dews, collected in the pure cups of your leaves. Yonder, behind the hill, rises with gentle swell, a little tufted hillock; there, where under the quivering branches of the oak, the bright moon-light and dark shadows chase each other, a little stream gushes from the hill; I hear, I hear its gentle murmuring: it pours over the mossy stones, and hastens foaming into the valley, and kisses with its bounding waves, every flower that bends over its tide.

It was there, upon that grassy bank, that I once found a lovely maid reposing in the moon-light: she lay sunk among the flowers, clad in a light robe, thin as the fleecy clouds in which the moon sometimes veils her beauty: a lute lay beside her, over which her sweeping hand sometimes wandered, and called forth from the clear trembling strings such sweet, such enchanting tones, as more entranced

tranced me than Philomel's softest, tenderest song.

She sung; all nature listened to the strain: the nightingale was hushed in attention, and Cupid heard it, hid in the thicket, and leaning on his bow.

Cynthia commanded her dragons to still the rustling of their wings: she leaned attentive over the side of her silver chariot; and the chaste Goddess sighed.

The maiden ceased her song: already had enraptured echo three times repeated the soft tones to the distant hills and cliffs: all nature still listened to the strain, and the nightingale still sat mute on the leafy bough: I approached the maid: angelic fair one! I said, and trembling pressed her snowy hand: she fixed her modest eyes on the ground, while her cheek glowed with blushes. I sank at her feet; my faultering lips in vain attempted to express my admiration and rapture. My right arm encircled her waist; my left wandered among the mazy ringlets that sported on her snowy neck.

neck. The fair one sighed, and with gentle force, strove to extricate herself from my embrace: she started away.

Oh! sweetest, fairest maid! never, never will the remembrance of thee be effaced from my heart: inconstant as I was, thou hast bound me for ever the slave of thy charms.

But Heavens! what sudden lights are those which sparkle on the dark mead? They dance in circles; they pursue one another: now they fly swift as lightning over the woods and hills. Ye are divinities! the devout peasant trembles before you, and the bold student names you irreverently, *deceiving fires*. Ye are mild deities that benevolently gild the gloom of night: ye light the wandering lover on his way to his anxiously waiting fair one; or strew your yellow beams in their path, when they tread the secret thickets: ye mislead the listening betrayer, and plunge him in the treacherous marsh.

But where are ye, fugitive divinities? all vanished from my sight. Not one light more appears on the dark extended plain: only yonder

yonder hangs, like a tiny lamp, a glow-worm on a blade of grass: dim and pale is its lustre, as the dying taper which beams in the museum of the abstracted student, who dozes over his folios, while his unconscious wife, presses alone her forsaken couch.

Muse! thou can'st tell whence the tiny insect acquired the light which distinguishes him.

Jove, ever inconstant, loved as he was often wont, a beautiful and mortal maid; and Juno pursued him with that restless and impassioned jealousy, so unknown to the mild manners of the dames of the present age, who with soft smiles, and unchanged countenances, know how to take their sweet revenge, when their lords, forsaking their household divinities, indulge in unlawful passion for maidens in a humbler sphere. With jealous rage and keen observing eye, she pursued his every step; and once, by moon-light, in a tufted thicket, she surprized him fluttering in the shape of an insect on the bosom, and among the folds of the robe of a beautiful mortal. Burning with indignation, she contemplated for a while this wonderful

wonderful scene. " Insects once only pursued insects :" at length she said ;—" miraculous indeed, that a winged worm should be inflamed with a passion for a maiden." As she spoke these words, Jove suddenly resumed his immortal form, and clasped the astonished maiden in his arms. " Take thou for ever the shape he for a moment assumed," exclaimed the enraged Goddess : and straight the beauteous fair one, to avenge the insulted laws of Hymen, became transformed into a grovelling insect. She escaped unheeded from the astonished Jupiter's embrace, and crept up a lily's stalk :— and to create an eternal memorial of her vengeance, Juno, borrowing a beam from the evening star, bestowed it on her rival, to distinguish her henceforth among all the tribe of insects, and to perpetuate the remembrance of her anger, and Jupiter's crime.

Those little fleecy clouds which now sail across the pure azure of the star-besprinkled sky, are edged with glistening silver. Little love-gods look down through the silvery veil, and dispense the balmy dews which nourish the swelling clusters of the vine, and feed the rose-buds which are to expand to-morrow to

deck the bosom of beauty: for Cupid knows how serviceable to his interests are both the fruit and the flower.

But now the silvery lustre fades from the clouds. Wherefore, Oh Luna! dost thou conceal thy lovely head in a shadowy veil? Have the wanton sports of the love-gods offended thee, thou chaste one? or has some taunting satyr repeated to thee Endymion's name?

Spread thy mild beams in my path, gentle Goddess! I will quit the thicket and visit yonder hill: a winding stream rushes down its side, overshadowed with young vines, and on its commanding brow an arbour stands, over whose green arch the gadding tendrils creep, and the purple clusters hang suspended in beauteous pride. How often have I reclined against its leafy walls, and while my flowing cup was crowned with roses, repeated the joyous strains, which Euphrosyne and the love-gods dictated to Gleim and Hagedorn.

Yonder it rises above the hill! the high overarching bower! a soft solemnity is blended with

with the silence and darkness that rest beneath its shade. For Bacchus has named it his own, and taken it into his protection.

Oft in the stillness of night, the awe-struck traveller hears loud bursts of mirth and joy, and the silvery-toned clanging of the foaming goblet, echo round the bower. The benighted wanderer hears it, and filled with curiosity, approaches the sacred spot: he peers through the thick shade; but no form is perceptible to his unhallowed eye; he starts with astonishment, and struck with holy awe, pursues his way.

Hail to thee, sacred bower! how high tower thy curling sprays, hung with the rich purple clusters!—how lovely play thy variegated leaves in the soft moon-light!

What airy spirits sigh beneath thy green arch, and flit on rustling wings from spray to spray? they are zephyrs; (and believe the muse) the half-created forms of future joys. The willing zephyrs bear them on balsamic pinions: they flutter among the love-gods, and settle on the purple clusters: they sport and

play, and pursue each other among the perfumed mazes of the grapes: or weary, repose in the vine-leaf; or bathe in dew in the hollow bosom of the rose: or slumber in the carnation, and smile, delighted to find on awaking, that some fair one has gathered the flower, and planted them with it upon her snowy bosom.

Ye friends! who now far away, lay stretched in languid slumbers—Ah! were ye here, had the beams of your taper streaming through the vine-leaves, gladdened my sight; or the sound of your songs from afar reached mine ear! how had I hastened into your arms, and drunk with pleasure, joined in your choral strains!

But alone, and far distant from you—Heavens! what do I hear? loud strains of mirth and laughter approach the hill: perhaps 'tis Bacchus and his jovial train. But no! Oh ecstacy! I see my friends! they ascend the hill. Haste! let us crown ourselves with vine-leaves and roses: let us seat ourselves in the bower; who will begin the merry song? The woods shall echo it, and the cliffs and mountains repeat it to each other.

The

The Faun who slumbers in his cave shall hear it, and start from his mossy couch; astonished he shall listen to the strain; and dance, and repeating it, quaff the flowing bowl.

And Phœbus, when in his golden chariot he arises from behind that hill, shall find us still untired; Never, (will he exclaim) never have I known such joys: then will he veil his resplendent head in clouds, and disdain to show his brightness to the world through the long gloomy day.

CONTINUATION

CONTINUATION OF

THE STORY OF

INKLE AND YARICO.*

See Spectator, Vol. 1st.

THE unfortunate Yarico was thus sold as a slave to the governor of the island, by her cruel and unworthy lover. No sooner had her new protector heard her melancholy history, than summoning an officer of justice, he sent him to arrest Inkle. This wretch, said he, shall pass five years in slavery, as a slight punishment for his inhuman ingratitude.

Inkle stood in the mean time, musing on the shore: what have I done! said he; to secure a wretched gain, I have sold the woman who

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* The first part of the story has been omitted, as too familiar to the English reader to require repetition here.

who so tenderly loved me; who preserved my life. He threw the gold with horror from him; then musing again, he said: but wherefore do I torment myself?—The deed in truth was cruel, but—it is done—I have sold her to a worthy master.—I feel it, Oh! I feel it—many an uneasy hour will the recollection of this deed give me—but it is done. So saying, he again attempted to take up the purse: a cold chill crept through his blood. Give me not to another! Oh! give me not to another. continued he, weeping: these were the last words that her trembling lips pronounced to me: I will not hesitate to follow thee as thy slave; thou shalt see me willingly submit to the hardest labour thou canst impose, so I may still be near thee; still enjoy the sight of thee. Oh! let me be thy slave, I and the unfortunate fruit of thy love.—Here he turned pale, and the dews of terror and remorse stood on his brow: he started, and trembled, as one, who in the very attempt to injure innocence, hears the thunder burst over his head.

Thus he stood when the messengers of the governor approached him. Wretch, said they, as a punishment for thy inhuman crime, the governor

governor condemns thee to labor five years as his slave. Quick, strip thyself of those garments, and assume the habit of thy new condition. Inkle undressed himself, and while he put on the apparel of a slave, tears flowed down his cheeks. Too mild a punishment indeed, said he, for my crime, I am happy in being thus punished: perhaps the remembrance of my guilt may by this be made less insupportable. They led him now to hard labor among the common slaves; and wretched as he was, he yet felt easier while he thus suffered for his transgression.

In the mean time, Yarico, who still wept the infidelity of her lover, was treated with the greatest kindness by the governor; and after a few days was sent, loaded with presents, on board a vessel, which was to convey her again to her native shore. In silent melancholy she stood upon the deck, and watched with tearful eyes the lessening shore receding from her view, one of her companions approaching her, said, Why mournest thou, thou dark brown maiden? Ought'st thou not rather to rejoice in returning to thy native country,

country, in departing from a land where thou wert sold to slavery?

I ought indeed to rejoice, returned the dark brown maid: but I have left the shore where dwells my faithless lover: I have left it without shedding one parting tear upon his bosom. Oh that I could but have folded him in one last embrace! and I had done so, but that the cruel one denied it me! where is he, tell me, where is my love?—The governor of the island, answered her companion, has condemned him to five years of slavery as a slight punishment for his crime. I saw him myself employed in hard labour among the slaves.—Unfortunate Inkle! exclaimed Yarico, hadst thou never beheld me, thou hadst not now been suffering for a crime that originated in me. Tell me, my friend! tell me, how did he support his punishment? What did he? what said he, when thou saw'st him among the slaves?

When I saw him, he was employed in cultivating the ground, and was bending down over his work; but suddenly he raised himself, and contemplating with tearful eyes his slave's

surrounded her; soon her native shores advanced, as if from the clouds, to meet her sight.

In the mean time, Inkle laboured among the slaves: the painful remembrance of his crime was deeply impressed on his contracted brow; and his recollection of the tenderness and fidelity of the dark brown maid, had revived and increased his former affection for her. Where art thou my Yarico! Ah! lost to me for ever, thou, and my child: never will it call me father, unless after thou hast related to it my cruelty and ingratitude, it repeats my name and shudders!

A whole year did Inkle suffer: at length, as by moonlight, he wept under the shade of a solitary tree, the overseer of the slaves approached him, and commanded him to follow him. He led him to the governor's garden. —Inkle, said the governor, thy severe penitence has not passed unrewarded by Heaven: a person who arrived to-day on the island, has purchased thy freedom. Inkle heard, and stood unmoved; no gleam of joy sparkled in his eyes, or glanced across his pallid face. Dost thou

thou not rejoice in thy liberty, said the governor? My Lord, replied Inkle (fixing his eyes bedewed with tears upon the ground) how can I rejoice? can I hope pardon from Heaven, while the sighs of my beloved, the tears of my child—wretch that I am, do I venture to pronounce those names that must for ever condemn me! How can I taste of pleasure while I am despicable to myself? where can I be happy? where, Oh! where can I find rest. Oh! my Lord, permit me to suffer the punishment of my crime: allow me to remain your slave.

As he thus spoke, a female rushed from behind the neighbouring trees: it was Yarico: she was dressed in the gayest ornaments of variegated shells and feathers; a garland of flowers encircled her head, and in her arms she held a beautiful infant. Oh Inkle! she exclaimed, sobbing, as she threw herself upon his bosom; deny me not! it is I who have ransomed thee; receive thy faithful wife, thy lovely infant! Inkle threw himself at her feet and embraced her knees; his violent emotion deprived him of the power of articulating. My Yarico! my beloved, at length he said, dost

dost thou not start in horror from me? can it be thou who hast ransomed me? Oh! how canst thou so love one who has treated thee with such inhuman ingratitude!—Oh Inkle! my beloved, arise, said Yarico. Let me no longer languish to embrace thee; deprive thy child no longer of thy paternal kiss.

END OF THE MISCELLANIES.

THE

FIRST NAVIGATOR.

PART THE FIRST.

MANY years of sorrow had passed away, since the fatal night, in which the promontory where Mylon's cottage stood, was severed by an earthquake from the main land; and the sea poured its billows over the green meads which had once united them. The solitary dwelling stood thus on a little island, so far from the continent, that even when the winds and waves were hushed, the lonely inhabitants could not distinguish the loud lowing of the cattle, that strayed on the blue distant shores. Thus deprived of all the pleasures which social affection and friendship had once afforded her, Semira spent her solitary days: death had some time since robbed her of the partner of her love: a daughter still remained to her; and no society gladdened or cheered their lonely hours,

hours, save the birds who flew around them, or the little flock which afforded them subsistence.

Unseen by the admiring eye of man, Melida, her daughter, bloomed in youthful beauty. Amid the gay sports, or in the roundel dances of the nymphs, among the fairest, she might have been considered the most fair. She was lovelier than the young cherry-tree, when for the first time it expands its snowy blossoms.

Semira, anxious to spare her daughter every anxiety that might embitter her solitude, and fearful of awakening a desire for pleasures from which she appeared for ever excluded, had carefully abstained from speaking to her, of the social and domestic joys she had tasted on the opposite shore. Yet she nourished the remembrance of them in her breast, and day after day, she retired to Mylon's grave, and there poured forth her tears and lamentations: Oh! thou art gone! exclaimed she, in a voice interrupted by sobs; thou art no more, thou comfort of my life! thou protector of our misery! helpless, forsaken, surrounded by the raging ocean, what a dreadful fate awaits us!

us! no friendly eye compassionates our griefs: all human assistance is denied us. Oh! that I could see thee expire! Melida! my beloved daughter. Alas! so extreme is my misery, that this is the most earnest wish of my heart. My feeble years are drawing to a close, and thou in thy blooming youth wilt be left helpless and alone. Dreadful contemplation! alone, surrounded by the dashing billows, with no companion but thy grief, thy lamentations. No human voice will ever greet thine ear: the sweet sounds of domestic love and affection will never chear thee: no lisping infant ever bless thee with a mother's name. No sounds of joy will ever echo through these solitary wastes: the voice of thy mourning will alone resound from these rocky cliffs, and amid the gloomy shade of these trees: slow care and sorrow will consume thy youth: thou wilt expire comfortless; the attentions of affection, and the tears of love, will never sooth thy dying hour. Thy corse will remain unburied, and moulder beneath the scorching sun; or, horrible thought! be a prey to the birds of heaven. O echo not my plaints, ye mountain-cliffs, conceal my wretchedness ye dark solitary shades! that she may still

some time longer enjoy her happy ignorance, nor know, nor guess the extent of the misery that awaits her.

In the mean time Melida amused herself with sporting among the young lambs: they needed no protector; the surging billows prevented them from wandering, and enclosed them within their little pasture. Or she trained the fragrant shrubs, and arched them into a shady bower. She was the protectress of plants; and not a flower bowed its silken head, oppressed by the wind or the sun, but she refreshed it, and brought a prop to support its fragile stalk. She taught a little rill to wander among her flowers: it ran murmuring over the pebbles, or collected itself into little pools. She had planted a double row of fruit-trees round the little island, beneath whose tender shade she wandered in solitude, fair as the fabled Venus in Idalian bowers. And she had ornamented a cave in a rock on the shore, (for solitude is fruitful in expedients to divert its lassitude) and had decked it with crimson sea-weeds, and with the shells which the playful billows had strewed on the sand. Their rosy tints and glowing hues brightened the rocky walls;

walls; and one of the largest of them received the sparkling drops which fell with a pleasing murmur from the arched roof. A jasmine stood at the entrance of the cave, and shed a delicious perfume from its snowy flowers. Amid such innocent amusements, the hours flew swiftly and unheeded away, and Melida felt not that she was alone. But now that sixteen summers had passed over her, she began at length to experience that she was in solitude. Musing and dejected she wandered in the grove; or seated beneath her favorite shade, thus gave utterance to her secret thoughts.

Wherefore have the Gods placed us in the midst of this dreary solitude? More unfortunate than all other beings: wherefore were we created, and why do we continue to exist? Oh! I feel, (or wherefore this anxiety, this restlessness, as if something were wanting necessary to my very existence) I feel that I was not formed to live in total solitude! Some peculiar accident must have placed us in this situation: something that my mother conceals from me. I see it; some fatal mystery hangs ever over her brow, and when I attempt to

investigate it, tears tremble in her eyes, which she in vain attempts to repress: she bids me trust to the wisdom of the Gods, and tranquilly await my fate from their hands. I will not attempt to unravel this mystery: in silent resignation I will await my fate, however dark and mysterious is the aspect it wears.

Often would she fix her eyes in melancholy contemplation on the wide ocean. Oh! ye dark rolling waves! she said, is this little point, this island—Alas! how small in comparison with your immeasurable extent, is it the only land your waters surround? or do ye not wash some other shore, too far distant for my eyes to distinguish? My mother denies it, but her silent grief contradicts her words. Oh surely! surely some other land diversifies your wide, your boundless plain. Or what is that, which like a low-hung cloud, rests in a long line, immoveable, on the utmost, farthest verge of your waters? Perhaps my imagination has deceived me, but often, in the stillness of evening, methinks I have heard the sweet sounds of distant voices, faintly echoing over your waves. Oh! it is another land! what else can it be? and though

from

from hence it appears so little, 'tis but the distance from which I view it that deceives my eye. Yes, I have marked it often; the distant waves too appear little: and when I look back on it from the farthest end of the island, our cottage seems much smaller than it is. And if that is a land like this, enriched with flowery meads and fruitful trees, there must be creatures also to enjoy them: but perhaps they are different from those upon this island; perhaps too, I should find there no beings like myself, none that could better serve as society to me than my sheep do here. But if it were—Oh! the very thought makes my heart beat! if it were a land inhabited by beings like myself; and if there were many, many of them, as there are many birds and sheep upon this island; and if they could rejoice together as the numerous birds rejoice, or sport and play as my young lambs do with each other!—Oh happy, happy creatures!—Leave me, leave me, too charming thoughts! Ah! whither will ye lead me, and abandon me at length to regret and disappointment. Oh ye waves! if ye break against that shore, whisper to the fortunate inhabitants, that an unhappy

unhappy maid weeps and laments on the banks of this lonely island.

Fly me, fly me, ye sweet, ye seducing thoughts! Alas! ye only render me more comfortless.

Often did she exclaim to Semira—but tell me, dearest mother, why do we two ever continue alone? all other creatures become more numerous: The plants put forth young shoots, and every year our flock encreases. How joyfully the young lambs sport about and rejoice in their new being! and the birds! Ah! it was but lately that I found a beautiful nest which two of them had built, and they had laid four little eggs in it. How carefully one of the birds covered them with her wings, while the other sat upon a neighbouring bough, and cheered her with a song. I went every day to look at the nest, and at length I saw, instead of the eggs, four little unfeathered birds in it. The old ones flew around them with encreased pleasure, and brought the nestlings food in their beaks, which they received, and twittered with joy. By degrees they became

became fledged, and flapped their feeble wings, and crept from the nest, to perch on the bough which hung over it. The old birds flew before them, to instruct them and encourage them: Oh my mother! how delightful it was to see them. The nestlings waved their wings as if they would have flown, but soon closed them and dared not venture. At length the boldest among them spread his wings, and alighted in safety. He sung for joy that he had succeeded so well, and seemed to call to his timid companions: at length they ventured also; now they fluttered around, and sung with common joy and exultation. Oh dear mother! a strange thought rose then in my breast—why is such pleasure denied to us?

Semira, distressed and confused, knew not how to answer her: I am myself as ignorant as thou art my child; cease to indulge in these idle thoughts, which will embitter thy life, and destroy thy repose: seek not to investigate the mystery which the Gods conceal from thee. Rely on them, who alone can tell what is to become of us, and who will sooner or later direct our fate as it seems best to their supreme wisdom. Thou wilt make me angry, if thou indulgest

indulgest any longer this unprofitable idleness. Attend to our flowers, play with thy lambs, and do not harrass the Gods with conjectures, and me with questions which I cannot answer. Since these strange fancies have taken possession of thee, thou art no longer assiduous in inventing amusements to cheat the slow hours: thou art now only industrious in tormenting thyself and me. Thou hast ceased to decorate thy grotto, and thy flowers droop, deprived of thy care.

Thus Semira lived with her daughter in solitude and anxiety. But the Gods listened to her supplications, and resolved at length to reward her sufferings. In the council of the Gods, Cupid took the pleasing task upon himself, for who among them knows so well as he, to make a maiden happy?

Upon the main land opposite the island, there dwelt a youth, whose graceful and majestic form might have caused him to be mistaken for a God, when he wandered through the meadow, or under the shade of the grove. Often had his father related to him the occurrences of that dreadful night, which filled the whole

whole country with horror. Thou seest that dark spot yonder in the midst of the waters, said he, (pointing to the island, which was just distinguishable from their hut) a long and narrow neck of land once stretched into the sea, and at the farthest extremity of it, there dwelt a virtuous pair, Mylon and Semira. A wide extent of meads and fields lay before it, and joined it to our shore, and numerous flocks and herds grazed upon each shore of the promontory. The greatest blessing and joy of Mylon and Semira, was an infant-daughter, a miracle of beauty and sweetness. The women came from the most distant parts of the country to see this lovely infant; they brought her little presents, and blessed her happy mother. But I shudder, when I think of the dreadful fate which awaited this hapless pair. At midnight, the whole country was alarmed by a tremendous crash, loud as a thousand peals of thunder. The earth trembled; the sea raged, and rose in horrible tumult above its shores. The voice of horror and lamentation echoed through the darkness of night: none could tell the cause of the destruction which surrounded us: trembling and full of horror we awaited the dawn; twilight came,

came, and disclosed a scene of dreadful devastation; the sea ran mountains high; and the meads, which once united the promontory to our shores, were buried beneath its foaming waters. When the morning's rosy light beamed upon the settling waves, we discovered yonder island; and one among us, whom the Gods had endowed with stronger sight than the rest, believed he could distinguish Mylon's hut and the trees that surrounded it.

Perhaps he still survives there with his wife: perhaps Melida, (that was the name of the lovely infant) wanders amid those solitary shades, the fairest maid that ever human eye beheld.

This relation made a deep impression on the mind of the youth; and often did he linger on the shore, and muse on the fate of the inhabitants of the little island. Once, when the soft murmur of the waves had lulled him into slumber, Cupid descended to him, and hovering over him, and fanning him with his dewy wings, that the noon-day heat might not awaken him, he presented to him the following dream.

He

I. Stothard R.A. del. R. Cromek Sculp.

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He thought he stood on the shore of the island, and beheld little love-gods fluttering among the shade with melancholy gestures, or mourning on the bending boughs, and drooping flowers. As he gazed intent on the scene before him, he beheld, advancing with slow step through the tufted thicket, a maiden, fair as love and imagination can pourtray. she seemed wrapped in deep thought; her slender form was bent in meditation, and she passed along in pensive loveliness. A part of her luxuriant light hair flowed over her shoulders, and on the brilliant whiteness of her neck and bosom; and a part was fastened in a knot with negligent simplicity, and confined by a wreath of myrtle: her cheeks were pale, and looked like gathered roses expiring on a maiden's breast. Her large blue eyes swam in tears. She passed on, and heeded not the zephyr which played with her robe, nor the rosy fruit which hung on every side, nor the beauteous flowers which sprang beneath her feet, and offered up their richest perfumes to charm her. She bent her steps towards the shore; she gazed with melancholy eyes on the distant land, just perceptible through the blue mists that hung over the tide: She raised

raised her snowy arms, and appeared to supplicate assistance. The youth imagined he passed over the water, and hastened to her. He thought Cupid received him on the shady shore, and led the fair one to his arms; while little love-gods, sporting around, crowned them with flowers, and fanned them with their perfumed wings. The slumberer's heart beat quick, his cheek glowed with deeper crimson, and his raised arms embraced the yielding air. The effort awakened him—he lay long in delightful ecstasy. Where am I, at length he cried; is she gone? is she fled from my embrace? Alas! I lie on the shore; yonder, far distant is the island: a dream has bereaved me of my peace, has deprived me of my comfort for ever.

He now loved more than ever to muse on the shore; he sighed as he wandered with pensive steps, or reclining on the sand, gazed over the dancing waves at the distant island. Often at midnight, when the moon shed her soft light around, and a hallowed silence reigned uninterrupted, save by the low murmur of the dashing waves, he stood on the farthest verge of the shore, and listened if no faint

faint sounds broke on his ear from the distant island. Often did he think he heard the sounds of lamentation, or the tones of a lovely voice: for of what cannot love and imagination persuade their votaries? Sometimes he called, and imagined an answering voice reached his ear through the wide distance. And sometimes he believed he perceived a taper's light, or the reflection of a fire on the island; when only some setting star glimmered behind it in the verge of Heaven.

Perhaps, said he, she sits there pensive, by the solitary flame; and musing over her desolate fate, consumes her nightly hours in sighs and tears. Ye winds! (Oh! had I but your wings!) fly, hasten to that solitary shore; whisper to the sweet sufferer that I sigh, I languish on this distant coast.

But whither, (said he often to himself) whither is my reason flown? Wretch that I am, what is it that I love? a dream, an idle dream.—I sunk in sleep here, and my imagination placed before mine eyes an image fairer indeed, much fairer than any I had till that day seen: I awoke; but alas! it vanished not

not like a dream; deep and indelibly is it impressed on my heart: it reigns over my whole soul. A vision, a shade, that perhaps never in this world had existence, is the object of my passion; is the form which pursues me in all my employments; which, when I wander, wanders by my side, which nourishes in my heart a consuming flame, and leads me with an irresistible power to this solitary shore. Oh shame to thee, weak one! seek to recover thy reason. Be again what thou wert formerly: placid and contented in thy sports, industrious and inventive at thy labour. Go, smile at thy folly: forsake this shore, and return thanks to the Gods that thou art not already the ridicule of thy countrymen.

But in vain he struggled with his passion; in vain he resolved to avoid the shore: amid his most pleasing sports the beauteous vision still hovered in his sight: some invisible power seemed ever to conduct him to his favorite spot. Ye Gods! at length he cried, shall this hopeless passion be the torment of my existence? Shall a phantom, a dream, thus embitter my youthful days, and mark with ceaseless anxiety the fairest hours of my life? This

This can be no vision such as the musing fancy sometimes engenders: my imagination never reached such an idea of beauty and perfection, as was that day presented to my sight. Some divinity surely inspired the dream; but with what intention I cannot possibly divine.

If the fair creature really exists on that solitary island, wherefore did he, by presenting her form to me in a dream, condemn me to pine with hopeless passion for her? why has he denied me all hope, all assistance, all means of visiting that distant shore! Since it is impossible to gain that land by swimming, what human wisdom can assist me to reach it? The Gods have indeed endowed man with courage and invention, and have left him free to employ his noble strength to the best purposes; but what courage can enable me to walk upon the waves of the sea? what invention can assist me to sweep like a sea-gull over the foaming billows?

Often did he sit deeply musing on the shore, racking his thoughts for some invention which might enable him to accomplish his wishes: for

for to those days the arts of navigation were totally unknown. What inducements had they to visit a distant shore, who possessed on their own, food for their cattle, and fruits, flowers, and clear water in an abundance sufficient to supply their every want? Long did the youth meditate in vain, and many a plan did he invent and reject. At length, as one evening he gazed on the waters, he perceived something floating upon them, which the waves gradually brought towards him. Joy and hope flashed in his sparkling eyes as it approached him, and he perceived it was the hollow trunk of a tree, and that a timid rabbit, pursued by some enemy from the shore, had rescued itself by trusting to the floating habitation. It sat secure in the little cavity; a leafy bough bent over it and covered it with its shade, a soft gale wafted the trunk towards the gazing youth: a presentiment of success flashed upon him: he leapt with pleasure and rapture. Then musing, he attempted to pursue more steadily the confused idea, which like a vision of the night, now vanished, and now arose again more distinctly in his imagination. He dragged the hollow tree to the dry sand, determined at morning to commence

mence the plan which lay, as yet half-formed in his mind. Hope and anxiety were his companions till the dawn, when he hastened, armed with the few and simple tools, which their happy simplicity had as yet taught men the use of, to commence his undertaking.

I have often seen, said he, some hollow leaf of the bower float on the smooth surface of the water, the butterflies which fluttered over the pool have placed themselves upon it, and passed over without wetting their tender feet. I will now try (nature has already done one half of the work for me) to hollow out this tree so far that I may be able to sit in it with ease. Thus he spoke, as joyfully he began his work. Oh thou! he exclaimed, whoever thou art, thou mild divinity, who presented the beauteous vision which floats incessantly before my sight, hear, Oh! hear my supplication! prosper my undertaking.

Often pausing from his labour, he gazed on the island, and said, Oh! thou fairest among mortals, what is there so difficult that love cannot accomplish? what danger so great that love will not brave? what sweet, what delicious

cious hopes float before my fancy! how canst thou, when I arrive on thy shore, how canst thou, refuse thy love to me? to me, who have braved for thy sake the abysses of the sea. Did love ever inspire a bolder deed?

Sometimes he ceased, dispirited from his work: fool that I am, he exclaimed, how vain, how ridiculous is my labour! what if some passer-by should ask of me, "Friend, what art thou employed in?" how should I tell him in answer, I am hollowing out this tree to place myself in it, and to swim in it over the wide ocean. "Who is the unfeeling parent, he would say, who thus regardless leaves his wretched son, to the dangerous suggestions of his frenzy?" Thus spoke the youth, and gazed mournfully on his work: But even (he continued) if I should not succeed, I shall at least only have wasted a few idle hours. Shall I not risk these even for my love? some human beings surely inhabit that island; my father's relation rendered this probable; and the dream which a God, a divinity, presented to my imagination, makes it certain. And if she dwells there, Heavens! how helpless, how forsaken must she be! if her parents were dead, or should they

they die, and she remain alone in the island to pine away her hours in comfortless solitude, and to consume her youth and beauty in grief and despair! Oh! not love alone, compassion urges me to attempt all to rescue her!—Thus did he sometimes lose, and always regain his courage.

Ere many days had elapsed, he had hallowed out the trunk, and it had assumed the perfect form of a vessel. He now dragged it to a little bay in the shore, where the rising banks protected it from the winds. Then pushing his vessel into the water, he seated himself in the middle of it; he resigned himself to the guidance of the waves, and anxiously observed the good and evil success of his undertaking. The waves bore him gently back to the shore: he recommenced his work, made many improvements, and many new attempts. The half of my labour is indeed accomplished said he, but what means have I of guiding the vessel as I wish? If it is to float at the mercy of the winds and waves, it were madness to expect ever to gain the island. A hundred expedients rose in his fancy, and were successively rejected. At length he said, The

swan guides her course with broad out-stretched feet: a beast has taught me to trust myself to the cavity of a tree; perhaps a bird may instruct me to direct its course. What if I were to make myself feet of wood, broad as those with which the swan cleaves the water, and if I were to move one with each hand on either side the hollow bark? Delighted with this idea, he hastened to execute it, and soon he had cut two proper pieces of wood into the form of oars. He then ran to the vessel, and though his first efforts were unsuccessful, yet by carefully observing the manner in which the aquatic birds steered their course, he made every day some advance in the art of navigation.

For some time he confined himself within the little bay: but at length grown bolder and more expert, he launched his vessel into the open sea; he guided it in safety back to the shore, and leaping on the beach, exclaimed with ecstasy, Oh joy! I have succeeded in this bold attempt; to-morrow, with the first beams of the morning, I will embark, and if the winds are favorable, I will trust myself to the wide ocean in my little bark. My undertaking is indeed hazardous, but tormenting and

and insupportable is the anxiety my passion inflicts on me: and he must be a coward, who hesitates to brave a danger which may in the end, secure to him comfort and help in his misfortunes.

He now anchored his vessel within the little bay, and returned (for the shades of night had descended) to his hut.

THE

THE

FIRST NAVIGATOR.

PART THE SECOND.

UNSEEN by the youth, Cupid had watched over his labour, and had inspired him with courage to pursue his arduous undertaking. He now flew on swift pinions through the dewy night, and by the soft moonlight he sought the distant island where dwelt Æolus, the God of winds. From afar, the wild raging of the winds, imprisoned within their rocky caverns, burst on his ear, loud as the roar of a cataract: he alighted on a rock which projected far out of the ocean, and found Æolus reclining against a cliff at the entrance of his cave. The winds, on rushing pinions flew around him, they listened obedient to his commands, whether he bade them rage in the bosom of the deep, or howl among the hills,

or

or burst in tempests over the heads of the guilty. The zephyrs too obeyed him; they fanned the humble cot and the fresh meads, or cooled the weary labourer as he toiled, or sported amidst the thickets and groves. But now he heeded them not: pensively reclining against the dew-dropping cliff, he leant his arm on his knee, and one hand entwined in his hair, supported his head. He sat full of care and anxiety, and gazed on the waves, as they danced sparkling in the moon-light. Love was the cause of his care; love, inspired by one of the fairest nymphs of the ocean. Cupid, as once he passed, and saw him reclining in careless indolence on his rocky couch, had wounded him with one of his keenest arrows. Cytherea's son heard from a distance the voice of his complaining, and alighted on a neighbouring cliff, to listen to his lamentation.

Oh thou, he said, who art fairest among all the train of Thetis, loveliest of the nymphs of the ocean, shall my sufferings, my grief, ever pass unrewarded by thy love or compassion? Alas! too long have I languished: in vain the obedient winds bear to thine ear my sighs and my complainings: thou heedest me not,

not, as weeping I recline in my cave, or gaze with wistful eyes upon thee as thou passest, borne by the crystal billows that reflect thy snowy bosom. What transport thrills me, when I behold thee sporting with thy sister-nymphs, while the white waves foam around you, and the sparkling water distils from your crowns of crimson sea-weed! But what raging jealousy inflames my breast, when the sedge-crowned sea-gods mix in your wanton sports, when you pursue them with your rods of reeds, while the pursuer often suddenly turning, clasps you in his nervous arms! Soon gliding from his embrace, you hasten from him, and plunging beneath the waves, laughing evade his eager search: but Gods! what rage transports me, when he pursues thee, and sometimes suddenly seizing thee, amid wild bursts of laughter, raises thy shrinking, thy lovely form upon his dripping shoulders!—I rave—I stamp—but thou smilest, thou forgivest his rashness; and forgetest the tortures which consume my bosom: my nervous arm has already seized a huge fragment of the rock to crush the hated wretch: already have I called the raging winds to shroud in tempests the detested scene.

But

But the fear of offending thee unnerves my arm; the rock escapes from my grasp; I chase the winds back to their echoing cells, and abandon myself to grief and despair. My longing eyes for ever seek thee; and when at midnight the dashing of the waves awakens me, I fancy it is thee sporting near the shore; I call thee, Alas! in vain; and curse the darkness that conceals thee from me! Oh! that thou wert of mortal birth! the false waves hinder me from following thee wherever thou goest; from pursuing thee continually with my prayers and tears. Come, Oh! come to this shore: here are delightful caves; my softest gales shall fan thee, and bring thee perfumes from every quarter of the earth; and beneath their enlivening breath, a refreshing shade shall wave around thee. Come, be the queen of the winds; come, lovely as in that hour when I first saw thee on my shores; when thou reclined'st on the verdant turf, while thy snowy limbs glistened in the sun, and the sparkling drops distilled through the grass around thee, as the morning dew flows over the fresh rose. Come, Oh! come, never to leave me more; never to fly me as thou didst on that day, when, as I approached thee, thou

thou plunged'st beneath the waves, and abandoned me to all the torments of unrequited love.

Thus mourned the king of winds as Cupid approached him. I have listened to thy complaints, thou ruler of the storms, said he; I am the son of the snowy-bosomed Venus; and have power to ease thy torments. I swear to thee by high Olympus, that if thou wilt grant my request, I will pierce with one of my keenest darts, the coy lovely daughter of Nereus. She shall come blushing with modest passion to thy shore, and repay with soft caresses every pang thou hast endured.

Æolus answered with delighted surprize, son of the all-powerful Venus, speak thy request; no common service can requite the supreme delight thou hast so sacredly promised me.

Listen to my petition; answered the God of love; imprison every one of thy winds till the evening sun sinks beneath those waves, and yield me a thousand zephyrs, who shall, till that time, execute all my commands. With

With a voice of thunder, Æolus called the wandering winds: they came on sounding pinions from every quarter of the earth, and retired at their king's command, to their rocky caves. A thousand zephyrs fluttered round the God of Love.

. . . . . .

Soon shalt thou see thy services rewarded, and thy wishes fulfilled, said Cupid; I hasten now where business calls me. He said, and flew, accompanied by the light-winged zephyrs, to the shore, where, by the grey light of the dawn, he already found the bold youth rejoicing in the beauty of the morning, and full of hope and delight, anxious to commence his undertaking. The first rosy beams of the morning glittered upon the trembling waves, and clearer and more distinctly than ever he perceived the distant island. The shore echoed with the warbling of birds, and two wild doves flying over his head, directed their course towards the island. A gentle gale played among the scarce-moving branches that overshadowed the shore. Such a calm silence reigned over the waves and woods, as when Venus, in dazzling beauty, first rose through the foam-white billows: the earth

and

and skies gazed with delight upon her; the winds lay silent on unmoving pinions: and gentlest zephyrs only fanned the Goddess.

Cupid inspired the youth anew with love and courage: he sprang into the boat: Neptune! thou ruler of the ocean, he said, and ye, powerful divinities of the sea, be propitious to my bold design! No pride or bold ambition fires my bosom: love—love, which a God inspired within my heart, has roused me to this hazardous attempt. Grant, Oh grant that I may safely reach the shore: and thou, mysterious power who hast directed my course, forsake me not!

While he yet spoke, Cupid touched the vessel with his hand; and instantly a tall mast rose in the middle of it, on whose top waved a garland of flowers that streamed to the wind, and pointed towards the island. Cupid had commanded the zephyrs to flutter round the garland, to waft the little waves against the vessel, to divide the water before it, and smooth the liquid plain for its course: and some of them he had directed to cool the youth as he toiled.

The youth now perceived with delight that a God assisted him: he pushed the little vessel off the shore, while Cupid invisibly still hovered over his head. From their deep recesses, and their farthest shores, the Tritons, and the sedge-crowned daughters of Nereus came: they swam in wide circles, and dashed the sparkling waters around, as they gazed on the bold mortal, who had first ventured to brave, in a narrow vessel, their dangerous element.

Oh! safe and prosperous be thy voyage, intrepid youth! (thus they began their song) may love reward thee, who inspired thy ardent bosom with the bold design of trusting to the wild waves of the ocean. Thou pursuest thy course through the yielding billow, fair as the majestic swan on oary feet. Love flies before thee; Oh! how blest is he whom love protects—receive him unharmed, ye shores of the island! amid your shades his bold invention shall meet its fairest, sweetest reward.

To our eyes it is given to pierce the thick veil of futurity: we see thy bold design, pursued, compleated. The ocean is covered with vessels of different forms. Nations unlike

like in manners and in language are no longer separated by the rolling waves: they pass over them, they exchange the treasures of their different countries, and bring back wealth and arts to enrich their native shores. The undaunted mariner pursues his way through the trackless ocean, and passes fearless over the fathomless deep. He braves the threatening storm when the heavens and seas rave, and monstrous billows sport with his fragile bark. Thus, bold and inventive is the race of Prometheus, the fire of the Gods glows within their bosoms, and dangers only fan the powerful flame.

Thus sung the nymphs, while the sea-gods danced around the vessel, and blew on their conches in harmonious measure to the song.

The youth pursued his course, and at length arrived in safety on the shores of the island, where cool gales and balmy shades received him. He sprang delighted from the boat, and drawing it to the shore, returned thanks to the Gods who had thus graciously protected and assisted him in his hazardous enterprize. Transported with hope and joy, he wandered through the shades, and at every step he took, beheld

beheld with delight the traces of human industry and cultivation. The apple and fig-trees were planted in shady rows: the vines were carefully supported, and entwined their curling tendrils and their purple fruit; the jasmines and myrtles were here and there woven into bowers; a clear stream was conducted through their arching shade, and its mossy banks were decked with the fairest flowers.

While thus he wandered through the shades, Melida sat with her mother in the hut: her head reclined on her bosom: she seemed lost in thought. Semira at length said, Art thou still musing, my child? what so deeply occupies my beloved Melida?

Melida answered, while the tears started into her eyes, I know not why I muse; I know not why I am so sad, and such a heavy weight lies on my heart: why I am unhappy, far more unhappy, than all other creatures.

How! my daughter, answered her anxious mother, can thy weak fancies have destroyed thy peace? what is wanting to thy happiness? do

do not thy plants flourish? has not all that thou hast undertaken succeeded? are not the trees which thou hast planted the fairest in the orchard? thy flock was once thy favorite care: surely every living creature in this island strives all it can, to sooth and to amuse thee.

Yes, answered Melida weeping, Oh! yes; formerly every object around me gave me pleasure; but alas! that is long past for ever. The luxuriant shades now only serve to encrease my melancholy: the plants and flowers whose perfumes once delighted me, appear now withered and faded in my sight: and the gambols of the flocks and herds which once amused me, now only serve to remind me, that all other beings are happier than I am. When I see the birds sport together on the summits of the trees; when I behold my sheep assembled in the shade, rejoicing among themselves, or tranquilly reclining by each other's woolly sides; then can I not check the ardent wish that arises —

Discontented maid! exclaimed Semira, interrupting her: art thou returning again to thy former subject of regret and complaint? what idle,

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idle, what pernicious fancies are these, to which thou art sacrificing the peace of thy life! with as much reason might I murmur because this sea is not land; because I have not the wings of a bird, or because these trees cannot enter into conversation with me. None of these ideas, however ridiculous, would be more strange or more idle than thine. What dost thou regret? am I not always with thee? what more can thy heart require? do I not love thee better than sheep love their young, or birds can love each other?

Oh! yes, answered Melida, affectionately, yes, my beloved mother; but I see you drooping in melancholy and solitude; if there were more creatures here they might chear and amuse you: and though my heart loves you above every thing, yet I feel—I feel, it sighs for some other object on which to bestow its affection.—

As she thus spoke, Melida suddenly interrupting herself, exclaimed, "Ye Gods! what do I see?" and stood transfixed, the image of astonishment. The youth paused at the threshold of the hut, and started with an emotion equal to her own; "Heavens! it is she:" (at length he cried) "it is she whom I saw in my dream!"

Semira alarmed, raised her head, and beheld the stranger: Art thou one of the immortals? she said, and hast thou deigned to visit our humble hut? Oh! listen to our prayers—but no; thou art overcome with surprize and wonder as we are: whoever thou art, welcome to our solitude.

The youth entered the hut, and thus addressed her. Oh! deign to receive me within your hospitable dwelling: I am no inhabitant of Olympus, but a mortal like yourselves: I have encountered many dangers and difficulties in my passage to you; I supplicate your kindness and protection.

While he thus spoke, Melida stood motionless: her delighted and inexperienced eyes strayed over the pleasing features of the youth. The Gods have granted my wishes at length, she said: they have formed this delightful creature as a companion for me. Come nearer to me, sit by my side, let me touch thy hand, and thy rosy cheek? And tell me, how did the Gods create thee? What wert thou formerly? a tree? a stone? While she thus spoke, she pressed the youth's hand to her heaving bosom.

bosom. He sighed. My beloved! if I may call thee by that tender name—Oh! call me ever so; interrupted the delighted Melida. I hear thee with such pleasure; I am so happy: every one of my wishes is fulfilled! Feel, feel how my heart beats with rapture; how my hand trembles in thine.

Oh! how fortunate, how happy am I! exclaimed the youth, as he pressed the maiden's hand to his lips: long have I loved thee above all human beings. How prosperous has been my dangerous voyage; how sweet the reward of my bold enterprize.

Every word thou utterest, (said Melida) pours a stream of new and unknown pleasure on my heart. But wilt thou—wilt thou never leave me more? wilt thou partake in all my employments, and share all my pleasures with me?

How can I leave thee? I who know no delight but in thy presence.

Oh! beloved mother, (said Melida) how kind are the Gods thus to listen to my wishes, and to create this lovely creature on purpose

for me. See, mother, this fair creature is just about as tall as I am; not little, as you tell me I was, when first you found me under the rose-bushes.

Semira said, Let us recover from our surprize: seat yourselves near me, my children; and good youth! again let me bid thee welcome to our hut: no evil intention can have guided thy steps. Tell us whence thou comest, and by what means thou hast reached this solitary shore.

Hand in hand, Melida and the youth now seated themselves, and he began his narration. He related to them, how a God had presented the beauteous image of Melida to him in a dream; how he had loved her; what torments he had hopelessly suffered when he considered the ocean divided them: how at length he had formed a vessel, and providing it with wooden feet, had ventured alone on the wide ocean: and finally, how by the assistance of the Gods, he had arrived in safety on this shore.

They listened with astonishment. At length Semira said, The Gods inspired thee with

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with the bold design of braving the winds and waves to reach us: mayst thou be blessed!—I will offer up my grateful sacrifices to the Gods who have conducted thee hither, to secure our happiness, and to remove the grief and anxiety which preyed upon my bosom.

Then, said Melida, there *is* another shore, and other human beings beyond that wide-spreading ocean. I always supposed so, though my mother concealed it from me. But do not thou return in thy hollow bark to that shore: Oh! stay with me; be mine, and mine alone. I think I could not endure that thou shouldst love another companion as thou lovest me. But tell me; how is it that thou art not exactly like myself; thy voice is not so soft, thy cheek so smooth—Because I am a man, answered the youth, and thou art a maiden—A man! said Melida, that is extraordinary; and yet I think I could not love thee better if thou wert just like myself. Oh! how much has my mother concealed from me.

Semira smiled; and desired her daughter to prepare some of the fairest fruit for their evening-meal. She rose to obey: the youth would

would accompany her and assist her in gathering it.

As they passed on, indulging in gentle caresses and endearing conversation, the purpose of their walk was forgotten, and they wandered at length to the shore where the little vessel lay. See, my beloved! said the youth; there is the narrow bark in which I passed over the wild waves to thy dear arms. Oh! wonderful invention, exclaimed the delighted Melida, running hastily up to it; Oh! matchless courage, to trust thyself in such a vessel to the wide ocean; in comparison to which it is a mere nothing—the sport of the waves—light as the leaf of the blossom with which the summer-zephyr wantons. And love for me inspired thee with the thought! Oh! my beloved, how can I thank thee? how can I reward thee? But tell me? what are those fastened on each side: can they be feet of wood, with which thou, like a swan, hast directed thy course? Oh! welcome thou hollow bark! welcome thou stranger from a far distant shore: far dearer to me, as thou liest thus despoiled of all thy leafy ornaments, than those which spring has decked with her gayest

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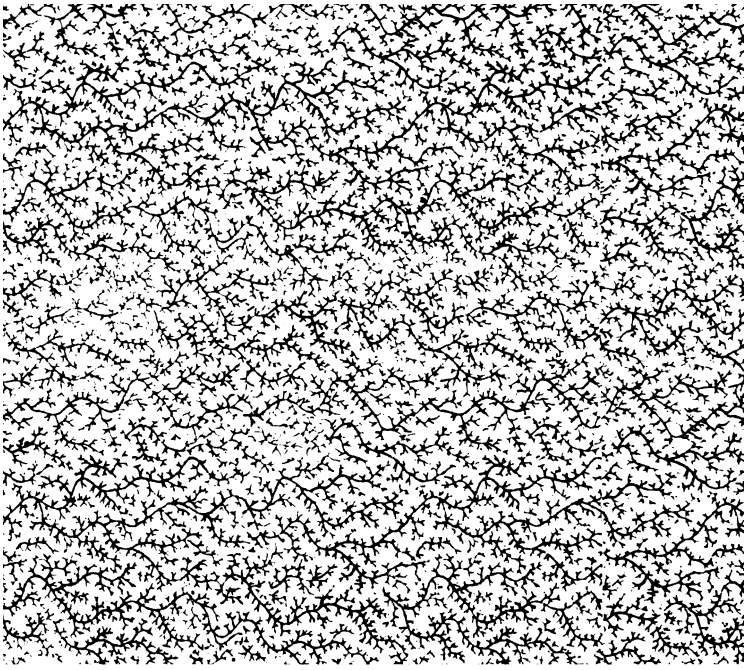
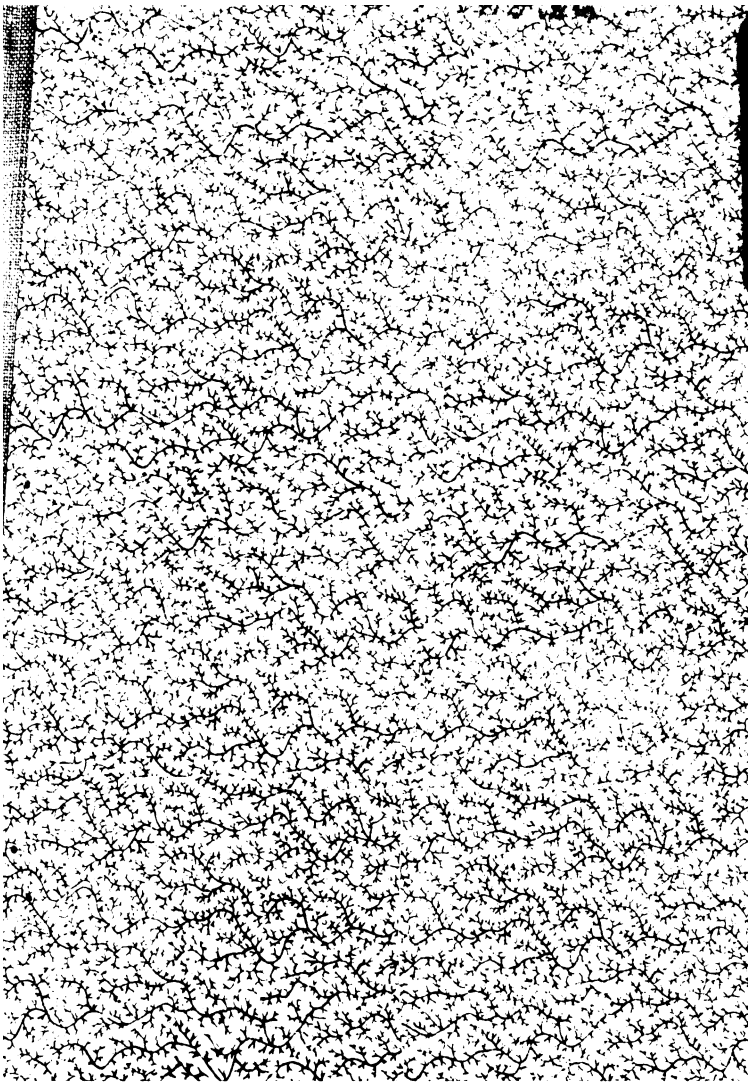
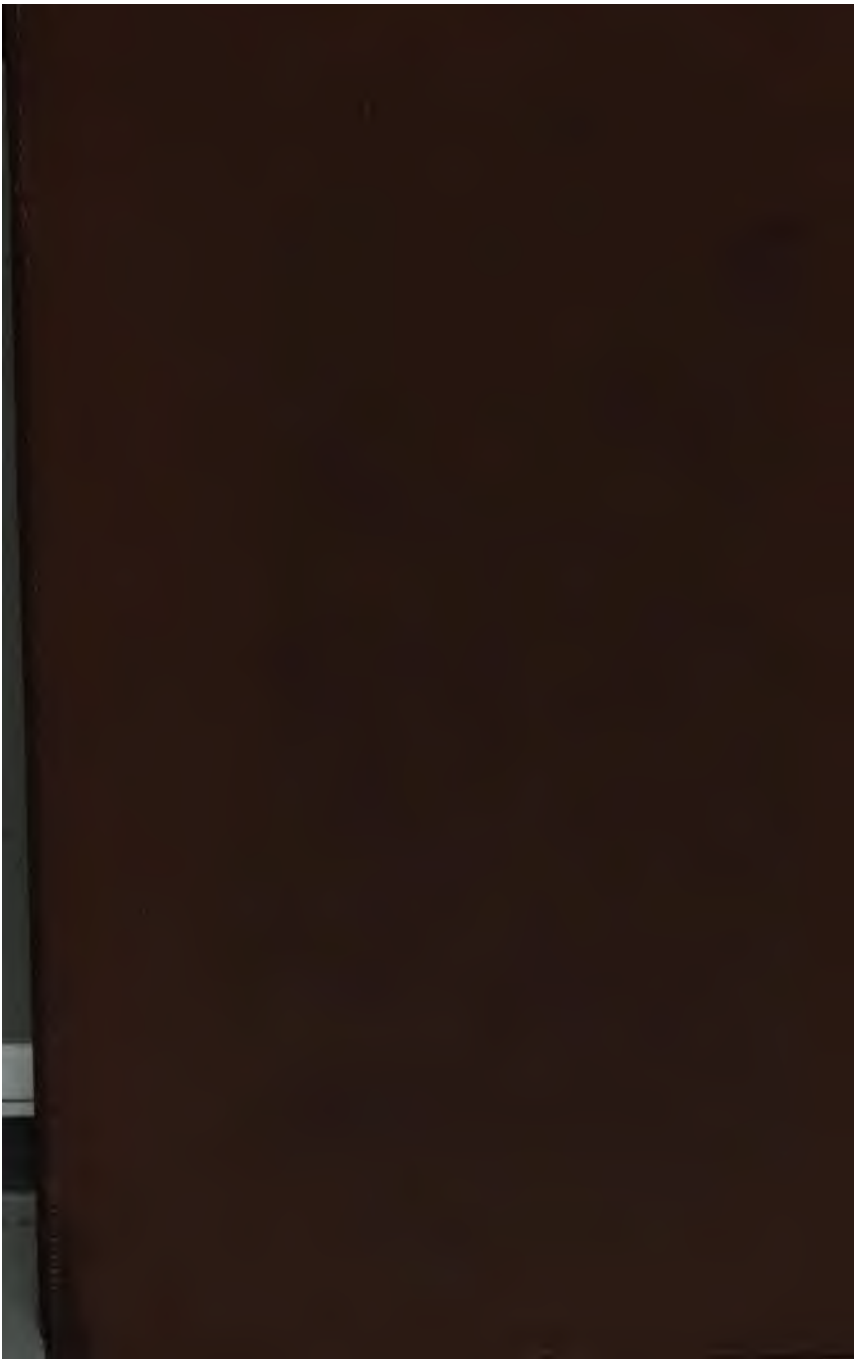
gayest and richest treasures. Blessed be the spot which thou hast overshadowed; blessed be the ashes of him who planted thee! may spring pour all her treasures on the place of his rest! My beloved! she cried, (turning to the youth and embracing him, while tears of tenderness bedewed her eyes) I conjure thee, by all the Gods! forsake me not. Never, Oh! never may'st thou ascend thy bark to quit this shore: if thou dost only attempt it, the angry waves shall bear thee back to my arms; shall listen in pity to the voice of my grief and lamentation.

Oh! my beloved, answered the youth, as he kissed the tears from her glowing cheek, how unjust are thy suspicions! may the waves bury me within their deepest abyss, if ever the unworthy thought of forsaking thee arise within my bosom! But how could I, most beloved of all human beings, how could I leave thee? thee, in whom dwells all my joy, in whom is all my delight! I will raise two altars on this blessed shore; one to the beauteous Venus, and one to her potent son; for it was he who inspired my ardent passion for thee; who protected and assisted me in my bold enterprise.

They

They returned now to the hut, and placed their fruit upon the table in neat baskets. The night came on amid gay and lively conversation, and Love himself conducted them to a fragrant bower of jasmine and roses: a gentle stream murmured beside them; the little Cupids sported amid the flowery branches of the trees; and soft zephyrs fanned the lovers with their perfumed wings.

Their descendants improved the arts of navigation, and erected on the shore a noble city, which was called Cythera: its high towers and temples threw their lofty shadows over the Laconic sea: the fairest of its edifices was consecrated to love, and surrounded by a double circle of polished marble pillars: happiness and prosperity dwelt within its walls; and the rich laden ships of the ocean assembled within its secure havens.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.